

THE SIGN



A · NATIONAL · CATHOLIC · MAGAZINE

Il Duce Goes
to the Pope

• POWERS •

Philosophic Coroners
At the Papal Corpse

• HENRY •

Sign or Wonder

• DINNIS •

At Grips
With the Doubter

• BLYTON •

Chivalry of the
Virgin Heart

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On Educating
Our Masters

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Queen
Elizabeth

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To Camaldoli

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Passionists
in China

• LETTERS •

Dollars and the
Catholic Press

• MCGILL •

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APRIL, 1932

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Sept. 8	Nativity of Mary
Sept. 22	St. Matthew
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REV. HAROLD PURCELL, C.P.
Editor

REV. SILVAN LATOUR, C.P.
Mission Procurator

REV. ADRIAN LYNCH, C.P.
Associate Editor

THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

—447

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Requests for Renewals, Discontinuance, change of address should be sent in at least two weeks before they are to go into effect. Both the old and the new

address should always be given.

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Our Advertising Creed

OUR readers will notice a new departure in this issue—the appearance of considerable advertising; considerable in the sense that, whereas we had practically none, now we have some. And we are glad to have it. We could have had lots of ads before this if we were not particular about the kind of copy offered to us; but to have accepted it would have cheapened THE SIGN (something we will never do) and deceived our subscribers.

It is our conviction that national advertisers and advertising agency are overlooking a splendid publicity medium in

neglecting to patronize the Religious Press. As a general rule the readers of religious publications have more respect for the moral integrity of such publications than they have for that of secular publications. Unfortunately, editors of religious publications have depreciated their own value by not exercising proper vigilance over the copy submitted. We have known even Catholic editors who have advertised fake cures, patent medicines, puzzle ads, books on the Index, and astrology! THE SIGN'S Advertising Creed may be expressed as follows:

The Sign wants advertising; but it wants it only on certain conditions:

First: **CLEAN COPY.** The Sign will not accept any advertisements of a questionable character. To do this is to betray the confidence of our readers.

Second: **LEGITIMATELY OBTAINED.** The Sign will not solicit advertisements by making false promises or by misrepresenting its circulation or distribution. To do either of these things is to do an injustice to the advertiser.

The Sign is a national Catholic magazine published monthly. Among its regular contributors are the outstanding Catholic writers of America and Europe.

The Sign has a circulation of over 100,000. (Average for the last six months of 1931 was 105,015.) This has been built up through the personal co-operation of the Priests and Bishops of the United States who wish their people to read it.

The Sign gives no premiums, and uses no contests or high pressure methods. Subscriptions are obtained by direct announcements from the pulpit.

The Sign is now in its eleventh year. During that time it has not only paid its way, but has also made a profit. And that without subsidy or advertising. It has sold on its merits.

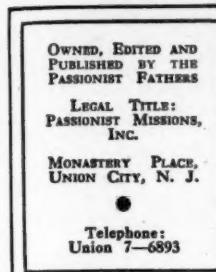
The Sign wants CLEAN advertising copy. If it cannot get such copy HONESTLY it will get along without it.

The Sign has a conscience. If we were not convinced of its merits as a publicity medium we would not seek advertisements.

QUITE naturally we are anxious to get as much advertising as possible, not only to increase our revenue for our needy missionary priests and nuns in China, but also to enlarge and improve THE SIGN. If we can prove to advertisers and their agents that our readers will deal with those who buy our space, we shall both

hold our present customers and add others. Under no circumstances will we disfigure our pages with unworthy ads, and our readers may patronize our advertisers with every assurance of receiving fair treatment from them.

Father Harold Purcell, C.P.




THE SIGN

A NATIONAL CATHOLIC MAGAZINE

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CURRENT FACT and COMMENT

IN *Il Popolo d'Italia*, a daily journal published in Rome, there appeared under date of January 14, 1932, an article entitled "An Address to America." It created something akin to a sensation in Europe, not only because of its contents, but also because its authorship was attributed to Premier Mussolini.

The Program of Pope Benedict XV

After reviewing the economic situation of Europe, from the viewpoint of international debts and reparations, the article suggests that the only way out of the present deplorable state of depression is the total and unconditional surrender by the creditor nations of whatever financial claims they may have on the debtor nations. The remission of debts is to be first made by the European nations among themselves, and then they are to ask the United States to abandon her claim to reparations from the European Powers. This suggestion is predicated on a twofold aspect.

The first is the moral aspect which realistically presents the economic situation of the world as a unit, one part of which cannot be injured without the whole body suffering. The other is the material aspect which from the purely selfish motives of all the nations concerned would finally close the bloody accounts of the World War.

This program for amelioration of the world is practically the same as that which emanated from another authority. Seventeen years ago, when Benedict XV issued his great appeal to all the belligerent Powers to stop the War, he postulated that all war debts and reparations should be wiped out, and that the world should try to forget its insanity and establish the machinery for pacific settlement of all future disputes between nations.

Certainly few people foresaw that the Pope's demand for a clean slate after the war would be in the interests of the whole world, even from an economic point of view. The payment of reparations and war debts has simply resulted in the cornering of gold by the United States and France which receive a balance of such payments, and the gold standard has become an impossibility under such conditions for most nations in Europe.

Much more serious than the departure from the gold standard has been the paralysis of international trade. As things now stand, we have the fantastic situation in which Germany is reduced to industrial chaos, unable to borrow from abroad, and with all confidence in trade relations undermined; while France pays far more for the upkeep of her army and navy than she can possibly derive from reparation payments even if they could be counted upon.

Merely as a matter of business it would pay France and all other countries which are wasting vast sums on defensive armaments to say good-bye to all thought of

reparation payments if Europe's trade could thereby be revived.

For the time being, however, both the United States and France have apparently hardened in their demand for payments. We are indeed faced with a situation much more serious than that which immediately preceded 1914.

Pope Benedict was not regarding the matter from the economic point of view, but as a problem of restoring peace and goodwill among men. But his warnings have been terribly fulfilled, and today Europe has to contend not only with racial hatreds but with economic chaos and breakdown.

Events have developed so deplorably that one might almost say that only a miracle can now avert its collapse. A year ago the prospect was dark, but still hopeful, owing to Mr. Hoover's proposal for a moratorium. But the past few months have added enormously to the difficulties.

The Disarmament Conference, upon which such high hopes had been based, is meeting under adverse conditions. And the Economic Conference will have to cope with such a determined conflict of views that scarcely any hope of real settlement now exists. Even the existence of the League of Nations is in jeopardy. Such a shrinkage of international trade has taken place that each nation seems more and more likely to fall back upon its own markets. The ultimate result of such a transition may be a real improvement. But the process will unquestionably involve an enormous amount of suffering and loss.

■ ■ ■

NO MAN living has had a more direct personal experience of the dangers to western civilization than the present Pope. He was over sixty when he was sent from the Vatican Library to undertake his mission to Poland in the last year of the war, but his three years in Central Europe as the Pope's special envoy were the most critical in modern history.

He was in Warsaw when the empires of Germany and Austria were completely overthrown, and when the Bolsheviks assumed control of the Russian Empire. He helped Poland, as a Catholic nation, to struggle back to life, and as the first Nuncio to Poland he traveled far and wide off the beaten tracks.

Above all there was the constant and appalling menace from the East. Before long there was open warfare between the Polish and the Russian armies. The Bolsheviks advanced from the north-east, sweeping all before them until the fall of Warsaw seemed inevitable.

The diplomatic corps packed up all their belongings

and State papers, and waited hourly for the signal to depart. Some of them even lived in a railway train in case of emergency. But Mgr. Ratti, the Papal Nuncio, who was the doyen of the diplomatic corps, insisted upon remaining almost alone.

He had no illusions as to the danger to Warsaw, and what Bolshevism meant in practice was only too well known to him after his repeated efforts to save the lives of bishops and priests in Russia.

A miracle saved Warsaw when all seemed lost. The Russian armies swept on all round it, so confident of victory that they did not wait to capture the city first. The sudden counter attack by Pilsudski and General Weygand took them by surprise and turned probable disaster into victory.

Twelve years have since passed, but Europe is once more given over to chaos and unemployment. The strong under-current of sympathy with Bolshevism among the working classes, which caused such dismay to the Allied delegations to Poland, is still there, and if no remedy is forthcoming no one can say how quickly the rot might spread.

Conditions have been made definitely worse by the revolution in Spain, which has provided a new focus for Bolshevik activity, at the other side of the Continent, from its base in Russia. No man can say yet that the danger is passed or may not grow much greater.

Another miracle may save Europe, just as the miracle of Warsaw saved Poland. It is our conviction that if the miracle be wrought it will be due in large measure to following the leadership of the present Pontiff.

■ ■ ■

THE opening of the General Disarmament Conference is an opportune moment to emphasize the attitude of the Holy See towards Disarmament as the only international insurance against war. That attitude has been both consistent and insistent. From Leo XIII to

The Holy See and Disarmaments

Pius XI each Pope has warned the world in clear-cut terms against the dangers of "Armed Peace." Their warning can be readily summarized:

POPE LEO XIII (Letter, Feb. 11, 1889): "The menacing multiplication of armies is calculated rather to excite rivalry and suspicions than suppress them. It troubles men's minds with the restless expectation of coming disasters, and meanwhile it weighs down the citizens with expenses so heavy that one may doubt whether they are not even more intolerable than war itself." (*Encyclical, June 20, 1894*): "... robust young men are taken from agriculture, or ennobling studies or trade or the arts, to be put under arms. Hence the treasures of the States are exhausted by the enormous expenditure, the national resources are frittered away, and private fortunes impaired and this, as it were, armed peace which now prevails cannot last much longer."

POPE PIUS X (Letter to Apostolic Delegate U. S. A., June 11, 1911): "To compose differences, to prevent the dangers of war, to remove even the anxieties of so-called armed peace is, indeed, most praiseworthy ... Wherefore we most heartily commend the work already begun ... and we most gladly lend the weight of Our authority to those who are striving to realize this most beneficent purpose."

POPE BENEDICT XV (Encyclical, Nov. 1, 1914): "Surely there are other ways and means by which violated rights can be rectified. Let them be tried honestly and with goodwill, and let arms meanwhile be laid aside." (*Letter to Heads of States engaged in War, Aug. 1, 1917*): "First of all, the fundamental point must be that the moral force of Right shall be substituted for the material

force of arms whence must follow a just agreement of all for the simultaneous and reciprocal diminution of armaments to a degree consistent with the maintenance of public order within each State. Next, for the setting up in the place of armies of a Court of Arbitration." (*Encyclical, May, 23, 1920*): "Such a comity of nations is recommended, amongst other reasons, by the widely felt need of abolishing or reducing armaments."

POPE PIUS XI (Letter, Apr. 7, 1922): "It must not be forgotten that the best guarantee of tranquility is not a forest of bayonets but mutual confidence and friendship."

(Encyclical, Oct. 7, 1931): "Since the unbridled race in armaments, which on the one hand is the consequence of international rivalry, and on the other is the cause of enormous expenditure, taken out of the resources available for the present crisis, we cannot refrain from renewing and making our own the grave warning of our predecessor."

■ ■ ■

THE REV. C. M. OVER, of 5 Empire St., Buffalo, N. Y., has graciously consented to forward to Cardinal Pflz, Archbishop of Vienna, any offering sent him in answer to the plea made by the Austrian hierarchy.

An Urgent Plea From Austria

There is a very serious danger threatening Austria, a danger which the Catholic

population cannot hope to ward off: the paganizing of the Catholic youth. The Socialists and their equally infamous associates, the "Children's Friends" are working upon this revolutionary program with most emphatic measures and with the entire money reserves at their command. When Pius XI in his Encyclical of May 15, 1931, called the attention of the Catholic world to the "enormity and the seriousness of the danger threatening Catholic youth in the 'Friends of Children' movement," he had Austria especially in mind. For it was here that the movement had its origin. It was here that it gained its first impetus. It is here that it is exerting its full strength. Above all it is here that the Social Democrats—they are ninety per cent Bolsheviks—have mustered their forces to propagate the "Children's Friends" idea. They have, in fact, already trained hundreds of thousands of children, especially in the city of Vienna, according to their insidious principles: "We wish"—and this is their own confession—"to make of the children liberals, who will not pay any heed to the law of God. We wish to estrange the children from their families ... the intimate education of the home is no heirloom, but an hereditary evil." From this unblushing proposal of aims you can well realize that the theoretical Bolshevism, of which the Pope speaks, is already at the door and that it is a danger, which calls for immediate remedies.

To ward off this dangerous enemy the Austrian Bishops have introduced the *Kindergröschen* (a penny for the children) movement, that is, the duty of every Catholic, no matter the rank or the sex, be it child or adult, to contribute weekly a penny toward the foundation of children welfare organizations and toward the erection of schools. But a large scaled and at the same time an instant relief—the very necessity compels instant aid—cannot be attempted by poverty-stricken Austria. In order to cope with the emergency Austria needs the coöperation of her brothers in the faith, the Catholics of other lands. It is only thus that we can hope to check the crisis, which threatens not only Austria, because once Vienna and with it Austria turn Bolshevik, it is only natural that the red hordes will force entry into the other countries of Central Europe. If we Catholics, all members of the one mystical body, support one another through mutual help, then and only then will the accusation of the Holy Father, to which he gives expression in the same Encyclical, fail to be verified: "the enormity

and the seriousness of the danger threatening the Catholic youth (in a Socialistic civilization) are far from being universally appreciated to their full extent. For that reason a united and effective resistance is lacking."



HIS Eminence Cardinal Dougherty, announcing the chartering of the Red Star Liner, Lapland, for a special pilgrimage to the Eucharistic Congress from the Archdiocese of Philadelphia, says: "It is our earnest desire that many from this Archdiocese, both clergy and laity, take advantage of this

extraordinary opportunity to profess publicly their devotion to the Blessed Eucharist and to refresh their souls by a visit to the land whose soil has been hallowed by the blood of martyrs. Any sacrifice they may make will be richly repaid by the spiritual benefits they will receive from the pilgrimage." To many of the pilgrims, his Eminence says, "it will be an occasion for a visit to the place of their birth; to others of them it will afford a golden opportunity to make a journey to the land of their fathers."

Rev. Stanislaus A. Przybysz, of Chicago, well known as an apostle of "Back to the Land!"—he has founded several farm colonies in Illinois, Texas and Florida to tempt unemployed city dwellers back to the country—will sail from New York on June 15 with 1,000 pilgrims from Chicago.

The French Line steamer, De Grasse, will carry the official New York pilgrimage. It is possible that his Eminence Cardinal Mundelein will travel by this ship.

The Chinese Mission Fathers, St. Columban's, Nebraska, who had chartered the ss. Republic to bring Congress pilgrims from the U.S.A., have changed their ship. They have now chartered the magnificent North German Lloyd liner, ss. Dresden, which will anchor in Scotsman's Bay.

The total number of ships which will anchor in Dublin for the Congress and be used as hotels by their passengers is now nineteen, as follows:

The White Star Line: Megantic, Lapland; Compagnie Generale Transatlantic: Rochambeau, De Grasse; North German Lloyd Line: Sierra Cordoba, Lutzow; The City Line: City of Paris; Hamburg-American Line: Oceana; Nederland Royal Mail Line: Jan Pieterszoon Coen.

The Cunard Line: Lancastria, Tuscania; the United States Lines: America, Republic; Compagnie des Messageries Maritimes (doubtful); the Hamburg-American Line (doubtful); Compagnie Generale Transatlantic: Mexique; the Consulich Line: Vulcania, Saturnia; Navigazione Lloyd-Triestina S. A.: California.

The following ships of the Canadian Pacific Railway will land passengers here and call back for them: the Montcalm, the Duchess of Bedford and the Melita.



FROM time immemorial the Church has granted numerous indulgences to those who make the Stations of the Cross. Owing to the loss of the authentic documents giving these concessions, Pope Clement XIV in 1731 forbade the publishing of any list of indulgences attached to this devotion.

Indulgences of the Way of the Cross

And now the Sacred Penitentiary announces that Pius XI has abolished all the indulgences thus far granted to those who make the Stations, and has established the following:

1. A plenary indulgence can be gained as often as the Way of the Cross is made. Accordingly, it is now certain that those who repeat this devotion on one and the same day gain the plenary indulgence each time.

2. Moreover, another plenary indulgence can be gained (a) by those who make the Way of the Cross on a day on which they receive Holy Communion; or (b) by those who have made the Way of the Cross ten times and within a month receive Holy Communion.

3. To one who commences the Way of the Cross but does not complete it the Pope grants a partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines for every station made.

In favor of the sick and certain other persons, two concessions previously made are renewed with some modifications. Those who lawfully make use of either of these two grants gain, not the indulgences formerly attached to the Way of the Cross, but those granted by the new decree.

The first of these two grants was originally made January 26, 1773, and was interrupted August 8, 1859. In virtue of this concession the sick, or voyagers at sea, the imprisoned, sojourners among heathens as well as those who cannot make the Way of the Cross in the usual way, may gain the indulgences of the Way of the Cross, if they hold in their hands a crucifix (not made of fragile material) blessed with the special blessing for the Way of the Cross by one has the necessary faculty, provided they recite the Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be to the Father, etc., twenty times.

To this older concession a new partial indulgence is added. Should any person who is entitled to make use of the above privilege be, for any reasonable cause, prevented from saying the twenty Our Fathers, etc., he may gain a partial indulgence of ten years and ten quarantines for every time he recites the Our Father, Hail Mary and Glory be to the Father, etc., holding the blessed crucifix.

The other special concession was made on March 25, 1931, and is in favor of those who are so sick that they cannot recite the above mentioned prayers without difficulty. In virtue of the concession they can gain all the indulgences of the Way of the Cross, if they kiss or even gaze upon a crucifix which is enriched with the blessing of the Stations of the Cross and which is offered to them by a priest or other person, provided they add a prayer or short ejaculation in honor of the Passion and Death of Christ. This new decree allows even greater relaxation of the latter condition. The indulgences of the Way of the Cross may be gained by those who are so weak that they cannot recite even an ejaculatory prayer, provided they kiss or at least gaze upon a crucifix that is enriched with the blessing of the Way of the Cross.



To the Benedictine Fathers of the Catholic University of Peking on the first number of *Fu Jen*, a bi-monthly magazine. §To the 4,368 high school and college students on their successful drive in behalf of the Catholic Press, termed by their Bishop, the Most Rev. Joseph Schrembs, "the very root of Catholic Action." §To Father Louis Froc, S.J., director for the last 39 years of the Jesuit observatory at Zi-Ka-Wei, near Shanghai, and commonly known as "The Father of the Typhoons," on being made an officer in the Legion of Honor. §To the Dominican Order on the Canonization of Albert the Great and the Proclamation making him a Doctor of the universal Church. §To Dr. Stephen J. Maher, of New Haven, Conn., an internationally recognized authority on tuberculosis, who has been awarded the Laetare Medal for 1932. §To the Legislature of New York for having unanimously passed a bill prohibiting any religious test whatever for teaching in the public schools. §To the Most Rev. John J. Mitty, Bishop of Salt Lake, on his being made Coadjutor to the Archbishop of San Francisco.

Toasts Within the Month

CATEGORICA

Edited by N. M. LAW

ON THINGS IN GENERAL AND QUITE LARGELY A MATTER OF QUOTATION

Q. E. D.

We didn't need the New York Times to tell us, but we reprint this editorial to keep the record straight:

When Governor Roosevelt made his speech in Buffalo demanding the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and the return to State control of the liquor traffic, all ears were turned to catch the echoes from the Southern States. They have been and still profess to be incurably Dry. They refused to support Smith in 1928 because he was a Wet. They have since almost unanimously transferred their political allegiance to Governor Roosevelt, predicting, or hoping, that he would avoid the prohibition issue altogether. But now that he has announced himself to be fully as Wet as "Al" Smith, what are they saying or proposing to do? Absolutely nothing. Eager inquirers are told that the Governor's flat-footed speech against prohibition will not alienate any of his supporters in the South. They were for him before, and they are still for him.

What does this prove? Various things. It shows, no doubt, that Southern politicians are burning with anxiety to win the election this year and get back the offices, and that they are not going to be too scrupulous about ways and means of doing it. But the one truth which above all others has been demonstrated by the present attitude of the Democratic leaders in the Southern States is that their opposition to Governor Smith four years ago was not really for the reason which they gave for it. The ostensible cause was prohibition. The actual cause was religious bigotry. That was vehemently denied at the time, though the evidence for it was ample and convincing. But now the fact has been irrefutably established. Mr. Smith was rejected with the excuse that he was against prohibition, though actually it was because he was a Catholic. The same people are now ready and glad to accept Governor Roosevelt, although he is as strongly against prohibition as Smith ever was. He, however, is not a Catholic.

The event makes the demonstration complete. It is now established that States which continue to protest that they and their people are as Dry as the Sahara Desert are willing to rally to a candidate dripping Wet, provided they are not restrained by a religious prejudice which they disavow but which evidently actuates them. Let us hear no more of the claim that the Southern States broke away from Smith in 1928 simply because they were sworn to stand by prohibition forevermore.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY: TWELVE QUESTIONS

FROM Truth and Light, published by the Iconoclast Company of Chicago:

Would Washington have been a greater man if he had been a religious bigot?

Would Lincoln have been capable of his great achievements had his mind been clouded by religious prejudice?

Does anyone admire the bigot?

Would the Declaration of Independence have been more effective and inspiring had Jefferson written "All men are created equal—excepting Catholics?"

Would the American Constitution have been more wor-

thy of the love, respect and devotion that the American people have given it had the Fathers of the Republic written into it a provision depriving Catholics of equal civil rights with other citizens?

Can children fully respect parents who give constant evidence of bitter prejudice against people on account of religion?

Doesn't a man lower himself in the eyes of friends when he permits his prejudice to expose his ignorance concerning the religion of others?

If we deny religious liberty to others, how can we demand it for ourselves?

Would not the abridgement of the civil rights of a single group of our citizens on account of religion utterly destroy the guarantee of religious liberty in America?

How can we expect others to respect our rights if we attack theirs?

Can we not best defend our own rights and liberties by defending the rights and liberties of others?

Can anyone who honestly believes in the Golden Rule as a standard of Christian conduct take part in a campaign against the religious liberty of others?

A TOAST TO THE IRISH

A NEW weekly, Opinion, A Journal of Jewish Life and Letters, congratulates the Irish Free State:

Jewish congratulations to the Irish Free State on its tenth birthday must be tinged not a little with a sense of shame and sorrow. It would hardly be human to offer our felicitations to a people whose aspirations and ideals for so long ran parallel to our own without feeling envious at the contrast between their achievement and ours.

When the World War drew to a close the various peace conferences revealed the widespread agreement among the nations on the future of Palestine. At that time the Jewish people thought with sympathy of the fight the Irish would still have to wage to reach a similar stage in the redemption of their own land. And now, within a decade, all this is changed. Ireland has passed us far in the race toward self-government and self-respect.

There is no mystery about this change. It has been far too evident that while the Irish pursued their goal with unalterable determination and uncompromising zeal, the Jewish nationalist movement has flagged and stumbled and compromised.

Thus, the responsibility for the increased difficulties of the Jewish problem rests with the Jews themselves, even as the fruits of victory are justly due to the Irish themselves. They must shoulder the burden and the blame as the others bear the banners of triumph.

The obligations of this responsibility will be hard indeed. To the principal task is now added the interest of errors and failures. Acquiescence on the one hand and concessions on the other have developed conditions, institutions and individuals militantly and actively inimical to the age-old striving of the Jewish people. Worse than that, the morale of the masses has been sorely injured. Incapable of analyzing the situation, bound by old enthu-

siasms and allegiances to the leaders of the past, they do not blame men and programs but deplore fate and events. They have begun to reason that what has not been accomplished in these optimistic years is now impossible of achievement. They are no longer at fighting pitch and in victorious mood.

And so the tenth anniversary celebration of the Irish people may well be held before them as an example and an inspiration. What these have done, we can do. But only with the same unflagging determination, the same effort, the same unstinted sacrifices that the Irish have made to regain their home and their natural dignity.

THE MISSIONARY ACT OF FAITH

WHAT an Irish missionary in India believes is stated in Catholic Missions, by Father T. Gavan Duffy:

I believe in God, our Creator. Everything belongs to Him, but many do not recognize Him. My God, I want to give You back your world.

I believe in Jesus, our Redeemer. He is my friend. He has loved and worked and suffered for me unselfishly. My Jesus, I want to help all men to become friends of yours.

I believe in Mary, Mother of Jesus, and my Mother. All graces come to us through her. Mother, teach me to bring souls to Christ and to increase His triumph and their joy.

I believe in the Faith, my most valued possession. Whatever comes, whatever goes, to the Faith I will cling, in face of mockery or in face of death.

I believe in the missions, because faith, like other wealth, is given to me in trust. I must share with others. Faith is a plant that withers if it cannot spread.

I believe in prayer for the missions, because, while the harvest is white, we must ask for harvesters.

I believe in sacrifice for the missions, because sacrifice is prayer beginning to make good.

I believe in service for the missions, because service is sacrifice grown into habit.

I believe in the Kingdom of God. I want to make room for it in my soul; I want to fill the whole world with it here below; I want to help all men to the enjoyment of it in heaven. The Sacred Heart for the World and the World for the Sacred Heart.

I believe in my country. And I believe that whatever I may do for the spreading of God's Kingdom will return as a blessing on my country.

I believe in myself because God believes in me. I can do no good without His grace, yet He counts on me and wants my help. Shall I refuse? Nay, not for paradise! I can do anything in Him Who makes me strong. So, as long as He is hand in hand with me, I believe in myself.

I believe in failure, because Christ failed; in success, because He succeeded; in work, because He worked; in death, because He died; in triumph, because He rose again. Yes, unutterable, all-conquering Word of God, I believe in Thy message—strengthen my unbelief.

CONAN DOYLE FOR CANON DOYLE

IN the London Universe Abbott Cummins, O.S.B., tells the following story of a literary mistake:

The death of Dom Cuthbert Doyle in his ninetieth year closes the career of a good monk, a saintly priest, a kindly comrade. He was a monk of St. Edmund's, Douai (now Wolverhampton), for 70 years and a priest for 64.

Though active life was shortened by advancing blindness, he continued priestly work and edified by patient endurance; he was ever kindly, cheerful, prayerful, lingering on to be for many years Patriarch among the Benedictines of England. In earlier years he had been novice-master at Belmont, but he survived many of his

novices, some of whom are left, themselves jubilarians to recall his monastic training, and one old colleague of 60 years ago to offer a last tribute of fraternal memories.

When master of novices and Canon of Newport, Fr. Cuthbert employed his leisure in translating or writing various treatises on the religious life that won considerable popularity and still make instructive and acceptable reading, but the similarity of the names Canon Doyle and Conan Doyle sometimes gave rise to amusing misunderstandings. It may not be incongruous to recount one here on the morrow of the good monk's funeral.

Canon Doyle's books were often used for reading in religious refectories, and it happened once that looking through a list of new publications some one lighted on a new volume, *The White Company*, by Conan Doyle. The title suggested something pious and exemplary—virgin choirs or a white-robed army, and if there was a mistake of one letter in the author's name it was easily overlooked or put down to a misprint.

The volume was bought and given out to be read in the refectory. It promised to be interesting, with a style somewhat lighter than previous edifying books. Beginning with a description of a medieval monastery, it introduced a youth who had been brought up there from very early years.

But details of conventional life did not show the experienced handling of the Belmont novice-master; the novice's frivolity was something more than usual, and there was a young person outside the cloister to whose attractions he seemed unduly susceptible.

As the story proceeded the younger nuns smiled or even giggled, the elder nuns looked demure, till at last the suspicions of the presiding Superior were aroused.

The reading was stopped and the book sent for.

It was remarked on closer examination that no O.S.B. appeared after the author's name and that the title was not properly spelled, and as the pages turned no shadow of doubt could remain that this Conan Doyle, whoever he was, must be a quite different person from the Benedictine Canon!

A safer volume was promptly substituted, probably Scaramelli, to take the frivolous taste out of conventional mouths.

One wonders whether similar confusion ever befell Conan Doyle's books, whether some admirer of Sherlock Holmes, failing badly as a detective, had bought and read, let us hope, profitably, Canon Doyle's *Gates of the Sanctuary, Teaching of St. Benedict* or other of his many edifying writings.

GATHERED WISDOM IN SHORT SENTENCES

THE recent death of Dr. Austin O'Malley, of Philadelphia, has deprived the American church of an exemplary member and a versatile scholar. From his "Keystones of Thought" we take the following:

Exclusiveness is a characteristic of recent riches, high society and the skunk.

A charitable man is like an apple tree—he gives his fruit and is silent; the philanthropist is like the successful hen.

Private interpretation in religion is like cutting your own hair.

Atheism is a disease of the mind, caused by eating underdone philosophy.

Busy souls have no time to be busybodies.

The Reformation tried to cure a sore hoof on the Pope's bull by cutting off the whole leg.

You can neither gather wool from an ass nor truth from a sensualist.

Talent apprehends, genius comprehends.

If you are without an enemy in the world, you may be a lamb or an ass, but you are not a man.

Writers on the spiritual life are constantly mistaking the liver for the devil.

An agnostic is a street-fakir that shuts his good eyes and holds out the placard: "I am blind."

Persecution is as necessary to religion as pruning to an orchard.

That the saints were usually in ill-luck does not canonize you.

Those that say they despise riches are saints or liars.

Truth lives in the cellar, error on the door-step.

If you are liberal intellectually to a religion that is not your own, your religion is a sentiment, not a belief.

Cunning is a short blanket—if you pull it over your face, you expose your feet.

You cannot chase a dollar and an ideal at the same time.

That a mouse of scandal whisks its foolish tail across the church's floor is not sufficient cause for clamorous leaping out of its windows.

The fact that you have been knocked down is interesting, but the length of time you remain down is important.

THIS: THAT: THE OTHER

Not a few families would like to be out of the depression before they're out of everything else.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader*.

It is reported that the depression has not seriously affected American educational institutions. Except, of course, the stock market.—*San Diego Union*.

Those who are trailing 'em are authority for the fact that a dollar goes farther nowadays.—*Arkansas Gazette*.

Modernism which so boldly accepts the findings of the physical sciences is often ready to turn its back on the social sciences which point out the flagrant abuses of our political-social organization of this very moment.—*Raymond B. Bragg*.

"In other words, there has been a Something—call it what you will—in the universe which has developed a moral sense out of emotion in the same way that it has developed stars out of nebulae, and in our description of the universe we have to find room for morals as well as for stars."—*James Truslow Adams*.

Amid the general commiserating over the assault upon China by the Japanese army, it might be remembered the Chinese invented gunpowder!—*Don C. Seitz*.

According to a professor, the actual roof of the world is seventy miles higher than was previously supposed.

Ambitious American architects are said to be altering their plans accordingly.—*The Humorist (London)*.

Another thing that has lost value because of surplus production is law.—*New Bedford Times*.

If we ordinary citizens could settle our debts like nations, on the basis of ability to pay, a lot of the biggest department stores would be owing us money.—*San Diego Union*.

America has too much of everything. No American has enough of anything.—*Dunbar's Weekly*.

The phrase "eternal rest" occurred in a fourth-grade reading lesson, and the teacher tried to see if the children knew what it meant. Her first attempt met with no response. She read the line again, "So came eternal rest to this good man," and again asked the meaning. This time a little fellow volunteered, "I think it means he was out of a job."—*Friends Intelligencer*.

"A national inferiority complex has us in its grip," writes an eminent psychologist. "It would seem that we have become timid and are not taking as much money away from one another as we formerly did."—*Life*.

"It is by prayer, by communion with an all-pervading spiritual force, that the soul of man discovers the purpose or goal of human endeavor."—*Beatrice Webb*.

"I have not very much use for people who are not in touch with the invisible world. At best they are good animals, and too often not even that."—*J. B. S. Haldane*.

HOW MANY MILES?

DOROTHY GILES contributes these verses to a recent issue of The Churchman:

From Donegal to Pettigoe
I saw the tired tinkers go,
The man, head bent against the rain,
Tramped stolidly, too dull for pain;
The woman huddled in the car
Black shawled, black eyes that gazed afar,
The weary ass, and limping slow
How many miles to Pettigoe?

From Donegal to Pettigoe
Along the bank the foxgloves blow,
Each golden bell a fairy's snood—
'When could a man eat grass for food?'—
In Laghy glen I set a snare,
Perchance tonight there'll be a hare,
Crackle of thorns the pot below—'
How many miles to Pettigoe?

From Donegal to Pettigoe
Round Red Hugh's tower wings the crow,
Mist veils the ruined casements where
Once men were brave and women fair,
Once harpers sang in women's praise,
Once strong men bowed to women's ways—
'To none than I more fair to show—'
How many miles to Pettigoe?

From Donegal to Pettigoe
The finger post is sagging low,
Huntsman and herdsman lean and peer
To read the legend painted here:
'Eight miles' it warns; the road is bad,
A stream to ford—but, oh, my lad,
Was ever a road just what it seems?
How many miles to Gate o'Dreams?

IL DUCE GOES TO THE POPE

By Gabriel Francis Powers

THE event had been announced a few days previously, and it may be said that Rome was filled with joy in anticipation of it, for many felt that the act of homage toward the Holy Father was due for many reasons, and the personal meeting between the two chief contractors in the Lateran Treaty sets the final seal and sanction on the accord.

The day, February 11, the third anniversary of the signing of the Treaty, was certainly chosen in view of its significance. This day has now become the National Holiday, superseding the old Twentieth of September, commemorative of the taking of Rome by the invading forces in 1870. And it is worthy of note that the same eleventh of February was designated by the Sovereign Pontiff as the date for the signing of the Treaty, which he desired to place under the special patronage of Our Blessed Lady Immaculate, on the day of her first apparition at Lourdes.

There was a singular fitness in the selection of this important anniversary for the first official visit of Mus-

solini to the Vatican. And it will bear repeating if we say that all Rome rejoiced at the prospect of the meeting between the Sovereign Pontiff and the Head of the Italian Government, a meeting that had been long and ardently desired by thoughtful people, and from which it was felt that invaluable results would derive.

THE dawn broke bleak, grey and cold, with no prospect of sunshine. At intervals a slight shower, that resembled melted snow in its iciness, contributed to the sense of discomfort. The city was very quiet owing to the holiday, and the traffic far less than usual. From the earliest hours of the morning flags were hung from balconies and windows, and, though it must be confessed that the papal colors did not appear as generally as the red, white and green of Italy, still even the exhibition of the national flag showed that people were rejoicing at the Conciliation; and the inhabitants of the Vatican City similarly expressed their pleasure at the coming of Mussolini by hanging out

the flag of Italy. The Apostolic Palace of course displayed the white-and-yellow banner with the sign of The Keys of Peter.

ACTIVITIES of the first hours of the day were the movements of troops which were to form the cordon of honor from the bridge over the Tiber to the colonnade of St. Peter's, the stationing of *carabinieri* from the point of contact with the soldiers to the door of Palazzo di Venezia, from which Mussolini was to set forth, all along the Corso Vittorio Emanuele, and upon the square before the palace. Yellow sand was also spread all along the route lest the horses of the mounted escort should slip and fall. By degrees, as the morning advanced, spectators gathered behind the cordons, and the crowd thickened, especially at the Piazza Venezia and on the great square before the basilica of the Apostle. By ten o'clock the expectation was keen, and the surroundings of Palazzo Venezia were packed with a dense throng.

At 10:30 precisely Mussolini ap-



Taken after Mussolini's visit to Pope Pius XI. (1) Monsignor Caccia Dominion, Master of Chamber to His Holiness. (2) Count De Vecchi, Italian Ambassador to the Holy See. (3) Premier Mussolini. (4) Signor Rocco, Minister of Justice.



Mussolini leaves the Vatican after his audience with the Holy Father.

peared and took his seat in the first automobile, accompanied by the Ambassador of Italy to the Holy See, Count De Vecchi. Both were in full diplomatic uniform, gold-embroidered, court sword at side, wearing cocked hats trimmed with plumes, and Mussolini bore upon his breast, conspicuous among his other decorations, the Order of the Golden Spur which the Holy Father recently bestowed upon him. In the three automobiles that followed, various ministers of State and members of the embassy and suite, also in full diplomatic uniforms, took their places. The cortege was preceded and closed by a splended group of guards on horseback, going at a sharp trot, their tall plumes of red and blue visible at a great distance.

MUSSOLINI must have known at once the spirit of the people and their sympathy with him at that moment, for a great cheer went up when he appeared and shouts of *Vive il Duce!* while even the spectators who did not cry out stretched arms and extended right hands toward him in the noble antique form of Roman salutation. All along the lengthy Corso

Vittorio Emanuele the enthusiastic greetings continued, passed with a sort of electric thrill and genuine excitement along the continuous line of packed spectators. In reality there was not much to see—the trotting carabineers, and four automobiles containing statesmen and diplomats in dark uniforms. But it was Mussolini passing, and passing on his way to visit the Pope. And, after all, Rome is Rome and you cannot wipe out nineteen hundred years of history.

At the beginning of the Borgo Nuovo (they call it new because a Pope of the Renaissance broadened it, but Constantine passed that way when he went to lift upon his shoulders twelve coffers of earth in honor of the twelve Holy Apostles when ground was broken to build the first basilica, and the Saxon kings passed that way as pilgrims, and Charlemagne to his coronation, and later the Ottos)—at the beginning of the Borgo the Italian regiments drawn out for the cordon of honor present arms, and they are the Grenadiers and the historic Royal Piedmont, both well-known in the world war.

The cortege emerges from the Bor-

go and enters the Piazza di S. Pietro, crossing it towards the south, and here a cohort of the Fascist Militia and the band of the Carabineer Guards are drawn up. The martial strains of the Marcia Reale, quickly succeeded by the Fascist hymn Giovinanza ring out, covered by the shouting of enthusiastic voices and the cheering which grows more intense as the automobile nears the Vatican gates. People are literally massed on the steps of the basilica and against the walls about the Arch of the Bells by which the Duce will enter the papal city. One has the sense of some tremendous and historic event, of something vast and far-reaching that brings the tears to one's eyes, as the man in the black uniform passes beneath the archway of stones.

CHEERS, and long cries of applause, follow him as he goes onward toward the "Father's House." He is inside the Vatican City now, and immediately a picket of the Swiss Guard, drawn up in their gorgeous uniforms, which Michelangelo designed, and with the arms of Pope Julius II who founded them upon their helmets of

steel, give him the first soldierly salute. Salute of the second picket at the entrance to the palace itself, and the autos pass, across the outer court, to the inner rectangular court of St. Damasus where Cardinals and princes alight. Incidentally this court is named for Pope St. Damasus because in the fourth century that Pontiff gathered into a conduit the spring waters which filtered from the Vatican hill, damaging the basilica of the Apostle, and now they feed the fountain in the western portico of the court. It is another of the old, old memories of this most wonderful spot on earth.

THE Pontifical Gendarmes in white breeches and boots and tall fur busbys stand magnificently at salute, but, no sooner does the machine stop, than gentlemen-in-waiting, Chamberlains of the Sword and Cape, and the prelate on duty as Private Chamberlain, assist the distinguished visitor to descend and receive him at the threshold. There is a delicate and marked order and etiquette for every detail of these State visits and nothing is left to chance.

The staircase which Il Duce and his

suite ascend is the noble flight made by Pope Pius II, the walls of which are lined with glorious deep-hued marbles of great price, and it gives access to the Sala Clementina—a vast hall shining with polished marbles and adorned with frescoes, but more familiarly known as the Hall of the Swiss as here the Guard has its station within the palace. The Guard is on duty now, and presents arms with the halberds, a gorgeous and unique sight perhaps not to be seen in any other place in the world.

THE audience had been set for eleven o'clock and it still wants twenty minutes of the hour. Mussolini had perhaps expected to wait, but he did not have to wait. Straightway he was passed into the succession of beautiful halls which precede the private apartments of the Holy Father, greeted successively by secular dignitaries of the court and by the Commanders of the Three Corps, the Palatine, Swiss and Noble Guards, and the only brief pause is made in the Throne Room where the Three Prelates on duty, Private Chamberlains to His Holiness, received the visitors and paid their own duty to them.

From this point the private apartments of His Holiness may be said to begin. One or two moderate sized waiting-rooms, frequently used for audiences, give admittance to the Anticamera Pontificia—the hall in which the officers of the Noble Guard, the prelates and chamberlains assemble when not on personal service in the inner rooms, and it is almost impossible for outsiders to gain admittance to this privileged antechamber.

Just beyond it is the Pope's private library, noble in proportions but rather simply furnished, with closed book-cases in which silk curtains screen the volumes from view. The walls are covered with flowered damask. Rather high up a few pictures hang, and the wide frieze is decorated with frescoes of symbolic figures and landscapes, while the corners hold shields with the arms of Pope Paul V who gave the private library its actual arrangement. In the Anticamera Pontificia the entire procession of the visitors and dignitaries of the papal court comes to a halt, and the Master of the Chamber, Monsignor Caccia Dominioni, introduces Mussolini alone into the library; then he retires, the



Waiting for Mussolini to pass. Grenadiers in trench helmets.

doors are closed, and the greatest man in Italy finds himself alone, face to face with the Other Man who is greater than he is.

It must certainly have been a moment of intense emotion. Some of the most exalted personages on earth have confessed that when they came into this presence they were too overcome to speak. The ex-Kaiser of Germany was seen to tremble when he first stood before Leo XIII. And Mussolini is a living man and a man who feels deeply. It is usual for the Holy Father to invite the personages admitted to the library to be seated, and he had desired that Mussolini should be received with every possible honor and manifestation of regard. It is quite certain that he welcomed this most remarkable man of the day with open arms and an open heart.

If no mere observer would venture even to suggest what the topics of conversation may have been in this secret audience, which lasted over an hour, it may be called to mind that the one speaker is the Vicar of Christ, and that when he ascended that supreme height which is the See of Peter, he announced to the world his most profound desire that during his reign "all things should be restored in Christ." The other speaker is the Head of the Government of his country, and it is his deep desire that Italy should stand high before other nations in the position justly due to her antique culture and to her enormous contribution to the civilization of the world.

But he has wide views, aspirations that push beyond the boundaries of his own land, and while he has set himself the giant task of giving prosperity and well-being to Italy, his thought extends much further, to what might be the benefit to all peoples if they could be gathered into a fold of universal peace. And he is not a visionary. All that he had planned to do for the welfare of his country, however much the economic situation has hampered him, and almost in spite of it, he has put into effect. It has been said that the relations between the Holy See and the Italian government would be the chief topic of discussion; but perhaps those who say it place too restricted a limit to the two rich minds and strong, purposeful souls brought into close contact and intimate communion in the meeting of February 11.

A full hour elapsed, and passed over into the beginning of another, before the Holy Father's bell announced the close of the audience. The doors were opened, and the members of the suite introduced and presented to His Holiness; and it was noted with how much affability, and with how much fatherly kindness he spoke to each one in

turn. What had been said is not known; but it was evident that both the Sovereign Pontiff and Il Duce were fully satisfied. Mussolini's face, after the conference with the Holy Father, had a new look. Since the recent death of his brother he has seemed somewhat aged and his expression often sad; but at the Vatican, and just after he had left the presence, his air of thoughtfulness, of serenity and of unwonted gentleness, as of a spirit that has found consolation and radiates its own solace, was very marked.

The official visit to the Cardinal Secretary of State followed immediately, and Mussolini, as he passed on his way out through the Loggia of Raphael, the frescoed arcades familiar to all visitors, paused to have his photograph taken in the midst of his suite and of the court prelates, by the pontifical photographer Felici who alone has this privilege within the Vatican precincts. Then down by the Scala Regia, the beautiful staircase of Bernini, to the portico of the basilica where the clergy of St. Peter's are in waiting and Il Duce is escorted to the prie-dieu prepared for him, that he may do homage at the altar of the Blessed Sacrament and at the Tomb of the Fisherman.

He leaves now by way of the Sacristy and of the Scala Braschi and re-enters his auto which has been brought to the door. He is still in the

Vatican City, and at the gate receives anew the present arms of the picket of Swiss Guards on duty. Then the car passes out beneath the Arch of the Bells, and is again between the cordons behind which the crowd presses, cheering, shouting, waving hats and handkerchiefs in salutation. They are glad, they approve, and they want him to know it. People who have stood two, three hours waiting to catch a glimpse of him—"Mussolini who has been to see the Pope." One wonders if he realizes how much sympathy the act has won him. But perhaps he does.

THE drizzling rain has begun again and the majority of the spectators have no umbrellas, but what does it matter? The carabiniers come at their sharp trot over the bed of yellow sand, the tall red-and-blue plumes erect; the dark auto passes, only a glimpse of cocked hats and waving plumes showing the figures inside, but all along the line the ovation continues. At Piazza Venezia, where the mass is dense and packed, the cheering becomes tumultuous, and rises soaring, and breaks forth again, and again in great bursts, and continues after the machine has entered the gateway of the palace and disappeared from view. The time is 12:45, and one is tempted to think that Mussolini has just lived the two most important hours of his life.

The Gift

By J. Corson Miller

GOLD from my soul, dear Lord, I promise for Thee!
Gold from good deeds I have done, not copper or brass.
The nuggets renunciation may earn for me
Shall be safely stored for the gift that the years amass.

It may be the gold of agony I shall bring,
Repaying in some slight measure for Thine on the Cross;
Or penance, which men avoid, though a priceless thing,
When jewelled with sorrow, and wrapped in the silks of loss.

The world cares not for metal mined like this,
The coins of which are stamped with heaven's design,
Yet this is wealth that buys eternal bliss
For those who eat love's Bread and drink love's Wine.

'T was silver Judas took, then flung away—
I would not proffer such on death's dark shoal;
Gold it shall be, I trust, dear Lord, some day,
That I shall give unto Thee—gold from my soul!

By
Hilaire
Belloc



QUEEN ELIZABETH

The Ninth of Twelve Studies of Outstanding Characters in the English Reformation

THE interest of Queen Elizabeth to the historian is mainly biographical; but it has also the interest of a myth.

The interest is mainly biographical because she was of very little effect upon the history of her time. We do not find any great political events produced by her will or her intelligence and there is nothing important in the Europe of her time or the England of her time of which we can say, "This was done by Elizabeth."

But the woman herself is so interesting, not only as a pathological case but as an example of suffering and intelligence combined, of a warped temperament and all that goes with it, that, biographically, she is a first-rate subject and one which, it may be added, has never been properly dealt with. There is no one well-known book which gives even an approximately true picture of Elizabeth, at least, none in the English language.

The Myth

THE reason of this is due to the presence of that other interest in her character, the myth. What may be called, "The Elizabethan Myth" is only now beginning to break down, and it was during the nineteenth century an article of faith in England (and, through England, elsewhere). It is one of the most perfect modern examples of its kind in all the range of history. It is a sort of complete and perfect falsehood, radiating its effects upon all the details of the time, and putting in the wrong light pretty well everything that happened.

The Elizabethan myth may be stated thus:

"In the second half of the sixteenth century England had the good fortune to be governed by a wo-

man of strong will, powerful intelligence and excellent judgment, whose power was supreme. Her people adored her, and produced in her time and largely under her influence the greatest figures in every sphere: Literature, Architecture, Foreign Politics and the rest. She chose her ministers with admirable skill and

IN religion Elizabeth inclined at first to that witty, cynical skepticism of the Renaissance, the spirit of many intellectuals of the time in which she was steeped. She was ready in youth to adopt any outward conformity required of her. Calvinist as a girl, under the rule of those who were despoiling the State after her father's death, she was quite ready to profess enthusiasm for the Catholic Church, as we have seen, when her sister Mary was on the throne; but secretly enjoying the influence given her by the fact that the religious revolutionaries looked to her as a counterweight against her sister and as one who, when they could put her upon the throne, would make certain of their ill-gotten gains at the expense of the Catholic Church.

they served her with corresponding faithfulness. In consequence of all this the Great Queen led the nation through paths of increasing prosperity; it grew wealthier and wealthier as her reign proceeded, more and more powerful abroad, founding colonies and establishing that command of the sea which England has never since lost. In religion she wisely represented the strong Protestantism of her people, in hatred of which a few venomous rebels—shamefully allied with foreigners—attacked her reign and even her life. However, she easily triumphed over them all and died full of glory, leaving her name as that of the greatest of the English sovereigns."

There in brief is the "Elizabethan Myth," and a more monstrous scaffolding of poisonous nonsense has never been foisted on posterity. I use the word "poisonous" not at random, not as a mere epithet of abuse, but with a full sense of its accuracy; for this huge falsehood which might be merely absurd in another connec-

tion has had, applied to English history, all the effect that a poison has upon a living body. It has interfered with the proper scale of history, it has twisted, altered and denied the most obvious historical truths and has given Englishmen and even the world at large a completely false view of the past.

A Figurehead

THAT myth is now beginning to break down. It could not survive detailed and critical work. Moreover, I perceive a danger that in its breakdown there will be too strong a reaction the other way and that men when they find out how they have been duped will run to the opposite extreme, and perhaps come to believe that Elizabeth was insignificant.

Whatever she was she was not that. Her position was weak, but she herself was not weak.

The truth about Elizabeth politically is this. She was the puppet or figurehead of the group of new millionaires established upon the loot of religion begun in her father's time. They had at their head the unique genius of William Cecil, who, in spite of dangerous opposition, accomplished what might have seemed the impossible task of eradicating the Catholic Faith by the roots from English soil, stamping out the Mass, and shepherding the younger generation, a reluctant people, into a new religious mood.

Throughout her life Elizabeth was thwarted in each political effort she

made; she felt the check of her masters and especially of Cecil as a horse feels the bridle. She never had her will in matters of State.

Her Personal History

IN personal history the truth about Elizabeth is that she was a woman of strong will and warped by desperately bad bodily health, almost certainly by a secret abnormality which forbade her to bear children. This wretched health, to which half a dozen times in her life she nearly succumbed, partly accounted for a mind also diseased on the erotic side. It is not a pleasant subject, and not one on which one can dwell at length in these pages, but it must be very strongly emphasized for it accounts for all her intimate life and all that was most characteristic of her from her fifteenth year.

Her relations with men were continual, but they were not normal and they were the more scandalous for that. Like others who have suffered the same tragic disease of perversion in mind and body it seemed to increase upon her with age. Already within sight of the grave and approaching her seventieth year she was shamefully associated with one whom she had taken up as a lad, a young fellow nearly thirty-three years her junior. Her intellect was high and piercing, she had real wit, very full instruction in many languages, and her will, though suffering perpetual rebuffs, remained strong to the end, though utterly unable to carry out its effect.

No one chafed more or suffered more under the domination of others than Elizabeth, and no one has had to accept it more thoroughly. She had, on this side of the intelligence and of the will, only one weakness, but that so exaggerated that it was hardly sane. She insisted upon flattery, and particularly upon flattery which was so exaggerated as to be absurd. She certainly was not taken in by it, but she seems to have had a maniac appetite for it, liking it the more and more she knew it to be absurd, so that when she had long been dried up and wizened with a skin like parchment, already old but looking a far older ruin than she was, she insisted upon her flatterers addressing her as though she were a woman of great beauty in the bloom of youth.

Elizabeth was never beautiful, and after the age of thirty she became repulsive. In that year she lost all her reddish hair through an illness and had to supply the loss by a reddish wig. Her complexion had never been good since the first years of her youth; but she carried herself with dignity and in spite of her physical disabilities her energy and vivacity of mind certainly made her a good companion. So far from her reign

being the foundation of England's modern power or anything of that sort it was a period during which, as Thorold Rogers has proved, wealth was continually declining, towns shrinking in population and land going out of cultivation. It is true that a race of bold seamen arose contemporaneously with that reign, but they were no more remarkable than the captains of other nations in Europe at the same time and they nearly all bore the taint of theft and murder. They were slave-dealers and pirates, secretly supported by the powerful men of the State; Elizabeth could not but feel the shame which their piracies brought upon her in the eyes of her fellow sovereigns, and yet could not avoid taking part in the proceeds of the disgraceful business. For Cecil's principle was to let such men as Hawkins, Drake and the rest rob indiscriminately, to disavow them in public, to apologize for their acts, sometimes even to compensate the victims in part, but to keep the results of their misdeeds—much the greater part of which went into the pockets of the men who held political power, while the criminal agents themselves were left with no more than a small commission. The only military effort of the reign, that in Holland, was a ridiculous failure; the only effort at colonization was the equally ridiculous failure of Virginia.

Elizabeth's Religion

IN religion Elizabeth inclined at first to that witty, cynical skepticism of the Renaissance, the spirit of many intellectuals of the time in which she was steeped. She was ready in youth to adopt any outward conformity required of her. Calvinist as a girl, under the rule of those who were despoiling the State after her father's death, she was quite ready to profess enthusiasm for the Catholic Church, as we have seen, when her sister Mary was on the throne; but secretly enjoying the influence given her by the fact that the religious revolutionaries looked to her as a counter-weight against her sister and as one who, when they could put her upon the throne, would make certain of their ill-gotten gains at the expense of the Catholic Church.

As she grew older she developed a certain measure of carefully concealed piety—her private prayers prove that. It is a feature not uncommon in people who are tortured by some abnormality in their intimate life. It is a sort of refuge for them.

Her mature sympathies were, of course, however vaguely, with the Catholic Church. All the great monarchs among whom she wished to be counted as an equal were struggling to maintain the old civilization of

Europe, of which the Catholic Faith was the creator and the supreme expression. Philip of Spain, the head of the Catholic movement, had saved her life, she had long respected and depended upon him until, in spite of her and in spite of himself, Cecil had turned him into an enemy. She tried hard for an understanding with the Papacy; she detested the new Anglican Establishment which Cecil had put up and of which she was, in spite of herself, the political head.

Dominated by Cecil

IT was one of those very few minor points on which she was allowed to have her own way that she refused to call herself as her father had called himself, "Vicar of Christ and Supreme Head of the Church on Earth." She detested the idea of a married clergy and always refused to receive the wives of the new Establishment. She would, had she been allowed, have sent emissaries to the Council of Trent; and though, of course, the thing cannot be proved and is pure conjecture, I have thought it certain enough that she would, in the case of a successful Catholic rising, had the Catholic emigrants and their supporters been able to bring a sufficient force into England, have joined what was still the religion of the majority of her subjects though cowed and terrorized by the reign of Cecil's government. The fall of that government would have been indeed a release for her.

As examples of the way in which she was "run" by those who were her masters, I will take four leading cases out of an almost infinite number which might be quoted:

- She had personally given her Royal assurance to the Spanish Minister that the Spanish treasure ships bearing the pay for Alva's soldiers in the Netherlands, the ships which had taken refuge from pirates in English harbors, should be released and the money taken under safeguards to its proper destination. Cecil simply over-ruled her. He ordered the money to be kept and confiscated in spite of her, and his orders, not hers, were obeyed.

- Again, she desired to save Norfolk. Three separate times she interfered to prevent the execution. She was over-ruled, that unfortunate cousin of hers was put to death, but his blood is not upon her head; it is upon Cecil's.

- She tried to recall Drake just before the open declaration of war with Spain; no one thought of obeying her orders in the matter.

- The supreme example is the case of Mary, Queen of Scots. The murder—for it was a murder—was accomplished against her will. Our official historians have perpetually repeated that her agony at hearing of Mary's death was feigned, that is, false. It

was genuine. The signing of the Warrant had indeed been wrung out of her, but that did not mean that the warrant would be put into execution. It was put into execution in spite of her, in order that she should be made responsible, willing or unwilling.

One might add to the list at any length. Her paramour, Leicester, did what he willed in Holland without consulting her, keeping a Royal State which she flamed against impotently. Her later paramour, Essex, kept the loot of Cadiz and defied, without fear of consequences, her bitter anger at finding herself deprived of her Royal right to the proceeds of an act of war undertaken in her name. She never desired the death of Essex; it was Robert Cecil, the second Cecil, who was responsible for Essex's death. Not only would she have prevented it if she could, but one may fairly say that she died of it.

And to what a death did the unhappy woman come! A death of madness and despair. The late Hugh Benson wrote a most powerful pamphlet contrasting that death with the holy, happy, and pious death of Mary.

She crouched on the ground for hours, one may say for days, refusing to speak, with her finger in her mouth, after having suffered horrible illusions—thinking that she had an iron band pressing round her head and on one occasion seeing herself in a sort of vision as a little figure surrounded with flames. She passed unannealed, unabsoled, and it is one of the most horrible stories in history.

Nevertheless we must admit her greatness. A warped, distorted, diseased greatness, but greatness none the less.

And there is another note on which I would conclude, a note of warning which is always necessary when one is correcting a false impression in history. The issue was not clear-cut. It must ever be so when the real power is in one hand and the nominal power in another. It is the nominal power which impresses men and even those who exercise the real power half believe in it, and those who exercise the nominal power also more than half believe in it. Cecil would never have told you that he was the real master of England, and, even

though upon a strict examination of conscience he would have had to admit it, he still regarded himself a minister and servant. And she herself, Elizabeth, was of course filled with the idea of her office to the end, that ideal of monarchy which men still held. Yet it was under her that the monarchy of England began to fall to pieces so rapidly that within half a lifetime after her death the rich taxpayers not only rose in rebellion successfully against the Crown but put their Monarch, her second successor, to death.

With that event, the beheading of Charles I, the old English monarchy came to an end, and it remained nothing but a simulacrum of itself. Government had passed to the gentry and to their two great committees, the House of Lords and the House of Commons.

Some day I suppose a true life of Elizabeth will be written in the English language, but, as I have said, we have not had it yet and there is a great opportunity for the younger historians, and one of them I think will take it.

PHILOSOPHIC CORONERS

By Hugh T. Henry,
Litt. D.

THE recent visit of Mussolini to the Holy Father appears to augur well for the amicable relations between Church and State in Italy, and the more so as Mussolini declared himself thoroughly pleased with his visit and desirous of repeating it often in future.

Meanwhile, affairs are going well with the Vatican City so far as we may judge. Msgr. Pucci wrote from Rome (15 February, 1932) that "the new phase of the relations between the Vatican and the Italian Government, initiated at the time of the agreement concerning Catholic Action in Italy, last September, has brought about a more effective participation and collaboration on the part of Catholics in the institutions and works of the Fascist regime," and proceeds to detail the features of this participation and collaboration at some length.

While we feel comforted at this solution of the perplexing Italian problem dating back to the year 1870, we may also perceive in it a sort of historical symbolism. The Papacy has had many "ups and downs" in the course of nearly two millenniums.

But it was not fated to die, how often soever it was doomed by statesmen to death and deemed by philosophers to have died.

And we, or our posterity, may perhaps witness another or more of its

IN this brief article we have a striking illustration of the eternal vitality of the papacy in the story of two books. Few have ever heard of M. Bourgoing; multitudes have known of Pope Gregory XVI.

Monsignor Hugh T. Henry is the distinguished Professor of Homeletics at the Catholic University of America. Notable in his great literary output is the translation of the Poems and Elegiacs of Leo XIII—Editor

"downs." We shall nevertheless be comforted always by the lesson of history. One instance of this lesson may prove of interest to readers, without any laborious searching through the annals of time on the part of a writer or any tedious re-

cording of the results for a reader. The "philosophic" historian who is not a Catholic, however, may be depended upon to ignore the manifest teaching of history and to perceive indications of a final collapse of the Papacy where the faithful Catholic will see only the oft-repeated fulfillment of Our Lord's prophecy of persecution.

M. Bourgoing and Don Mauro

A good instance of this symbolic lesson of history brings before us two opposed interpretations of the lesson. I came upon them quite casually, and mayhap my readers will share with me what the poet Wordsworth calls "a gentle shock of mild surprise." Things happened thuswise. Some years ago, while examining more or less idly the volumes in the Church History section of an ecclesiastical seminary's library, I found two works that were strongly contrasted. The first was M. Bourgoing's *Historical and Philosophical Memoirs of Pius the Sixth and of His Pontificate, down to the period of his retirement into Tuscany*. The two volumes of this

work appeared in an English translation in Dublin, dated 1800. But the French original was published in the year 1799, and was in one respect timely, since in 1798 the States of the Church had been turned, under General Berthier, into the Roman Republic. Bonaparte was trying to make the world safe for Democracy.

M. Bourgoing assures his readers that he is a philosopher. He accordingly begins by asking: "What period is more worthy of the attention of the philosopher than that in which the imposing fabric of temporal and spiritual power, surrounded by everything that seemed to ensure its stability, is on a sudden shaken down, as if by one of those miracles which superstition might have thought its principal support; when the sceptre and the censer are seen broken by the same blow, the pontiff hurled from his chair, the sovereign from his throne; his Levites and his courtiers, the members of his spiritual retinue, and those of his temporal council, plundered, imprisoned and dispersed; thus, by the most dreadful catastrophe, expiating a long series of errors consolidated by ten centuries, a long abuse of human credulity, of pretensions, the insolence of which excited nothing but a smile of contempt; in short, a conduct emanating, in these latter times, from the blindest phrensy. . . ."

OUR philosophical historian declared that he would be calm throughout his long discussion. What was the use of flogging a dead horse? But he evidently found it difficult to maintain a calm, philosophic "tone," and his rage rises with each new epithet in a fairly copious vocabulary of abuse. Nowadays we should be tempted to smile at anyone who, answering a question as to his profession, should announce that he is a "philosopher." If, like M. Bourgoing, he were to volunteer the statement, we should be apt to consider him at least "mad north-northwest." We could reasonably suppose, also, that a philosopher ought to have rejoiced over the fall of the Papacy in a more temperate fashion—for it was undoubtedly overthrown forevermore: "It will never," wrote M. Bourgoing, "experience a resurrection, whatever may be the events which Italy is foredoomed to witness."

The second work I found—strangely enough—on another shelf of the same library. One might suppose that the two works should have been placed side by side, because this second work presents us with a diametrically opposite interpretation of the same events. It was written, not by a self-styled philosopher, but by an Italian ecclesiastic, Don Mauro (Bartolomeo Cappelari), and was published in the year 1799, the same year—again strangely enough—in which M. Bourgoing had issued his historicophil-

sophic work on the destruction of the Papacy.

I have said that these two works were greatly contrasted. The French philosopher and the Italian churchman were both optimists, it is true; but the former rejoiced over the Papal collapse, while the latter had the hardihood to entitle his book *The Triumph of the Holy See*. We have just heard the Frenchman dilating, with charming rhetoric, on the terrific blow which, at one and the same time, broke both the sceptre and the censer of the Pope—the sceptre and the censer symbolizing respectively the temporal power and the spiritual office of the Papacy.

LET US now hear the Italian churchman discoursing on the same terrific blow: "One may think it strange and audacious that, at a time when good people are weeping over the desolation of the sanctuary; when the Pastors of the Church have been dishonored; when the Sovereign Pontiff, exiled, imprisoned, insulted, seems to be handed over by the Divinity Itself to the mercy of his pitiless persecutors; in a word, at a time when the Apostolic See appears to totter and the Church groans under the burdens of its captivity, I should dare to undertake to present this same Church and this same Apostolic See as triumphing over their enemies."

It may justly be deemed a very curious thing that both of these opposed optimists should have written at the same time, published their two works in the same year, contemplated the same events and nevertheless reached diametrically opposite conclusions as to the meaning of the events and that I should have come upon the two dissertations resting in obscurity on adjacent shelves of the same library. But a man of the world might well esteem it a still more curious coincidence that the Italian churchman who thus glowingly told of the true glory of the Apostolic See and of the real triumph of the Church over the gates of hell should, thirty-two years later, himself ascend the most venerable throne in Christendom and should rule the Church of God from the Chair of Peter as Pope Gregory the Sixteenth! Assuredly it was the irony of history and of philosophy that this Italian optimist, of all men, should again wield the broken sceptre and swing the shattered censer that had been flung aside by the French philosopher-historian.

The French philosopher and the future Pope were, both of them, students of current events in the history of the Church, and both were optimists of different schools of thought. But one was imbued with the optimism of what he chose to consider "philosophy," while the other was imbued with the optimism of Divine faith.

Briefly, and with some attempt at lightness of touch, have I striven to depict these two champions of opposed schools of thought. But the issue is nevertheless clearly joined, and the only great question that now confronts us is so tremendously important that it must be stated with all simplicity and soberness of speech. Query: Which optimism was best justified—that of the sceptical philosopher or that of the believing ecclesiastic? Both lived through the closing years of the eighteenth century—that age of the self-styled philosophers; that age which, in the words of Carlyle, "blew its brains out in the French Revolution." Which of these two writers who had contemplated the same events was in fact justified by the pages of history both before and after the year 1798?

A summary answer can be brief. First, as to the broken sceptre. It had been apparently broken several times already; for instance, when Pope Gregory the Seventh died in exile or when Luther had dramatically declared that he should be the death of the Pope. In 1798, the Fates and the French Directory gave the Temporal Power its death blow. In spite of M. Bourgoing's prophecy of finality at that date, it found a resurrection under Pope Pius the Seventh. It was broken again in 1809, but was mended once more in 1815. That poor sceptre disappeared in 1849, when a Republic was proclaimed in Rome; but it reappeared in the following year. M. Bourgoing was not correct in his prophecy that the Temporal Power would "never experience a resurrection." Three times did it experience a resurrection after his prophecy of final death. It died again in 1870. Very strangely, it is once more alive, albeit in a much altered form, today. As to the broken censer—why, it never once ceased its swinging.

Philosophic Views

WHATEVER view "philosophy" may entertain as to the propriety or the probable longevity of the Temporal Power, it is clear that M. Bourgoing was fundamentally mistaken, for he confounded the temporary expediency in politics of the France of Napoleon with his own philosophical criticism of the institution itself. What he considered a final adverse judgment of the ages on an age-long government was reversed by the very nation which he had thought the instrument of the avenging Fates. And he was mistaken not only fundamentally but ludicrously as well, for the resurrection took place three years after the final death. To all this we must add the gravamen that the philosopher lived to witness it himself (he died in 1811).

The various deaths of the Temporal Power had no relation to the causes

in M. Bourgoing's mind. They were not at all justly-reasoned judgments on an institution which had failed to justify its existence. They were merely due to political aspirations which our good Frenchman did not recognize and could not foresee. In brief, he was completely mistaken in his judgment, which indeed was based not on unbiased historical investigation, but on a peculiar kind of philosophism.

Let us look once more at the shattered censer. What is its story? I have said that it always kept a-swinging no matter what happened to the broken sceptre. In justice to M. Bourgoing, we should note the fact that in the closing paragraphs of his second volume he appears to retract something of his eloquent rhetorical flourishes about the censer, for he remarks that "the faithful Catholics may yet continue to bestow the appellation of 'pope' on their spiritual chief, established wherever circumstances shall permit." He is evidently not sanguine of this, but still concedes its possibility. He is more cautious than some of his brethren of the philosophical school, who were convinced that the Papacy was finally ended by

the Fates when Pius the Sixth was dragged away from Rome a captive. But they had read history without discernment and had found in it no warning symbolism. One cannot recall such unholy optimism without perceiving the irony of history. They had not perceived that "time hath a taming hand," to quote a line from one of the poems of John Henry Newman, written even before he became a Catholic.

As we look back we are astonished at the number of times the philosophic coroners have "sat" on the corpse of the Papacy. And if we permit ourselves a quiet chuckle it is because the coroners are undoubtedly dead, while the corpse they discoursed about so learnedly is quite as undeniably alive.

Elegiacs of Pope Leo XIII

POPE Leo XIII was notable as a statesman, a philosopher and—a poet. Perhaps the great statesmen and philosophers are more or less unconsciously well served by a really poetic cast of mind. Howbeit, Leo XIII solaced himself in his night-watches with original strains of clas-

sical song. He began and ended his long reign without change of status and was always the Prisoner of the Vatican. Nevertheless, in 1885 he wrote two elegiac couplets which he entitled *Frustrata impiorum spe Pontificum Romanorum series non intermittitur:*

*Occidit inclamant, solio delectus, in ipso
Carcere, in aerumnis occidit ecce Leo.
Spes insana: Leo alter adest, qui
sacra volentes
Lura dat in populos, imperiumque
tenet.*

He also translated these into two couplets in Italian, and I have rendered them into English:

"Leo is fallen!" List the impious cry:
"Broken with cares, in prison shall he die!"

Vain is the hope: another Leo wields
The sceptre, and his flock from error shields.

Vain indeed is such a hope, for the series of Roman Pontiffs is not interrupted. The Papacy is more truly powerful now than ever before, is more loyally obeyed and more devotedly loved.

AT GRIPS *with the DOUBTER*

By
W. J. Blyton

BRITAIN just now is the arena of several religious debates which must be of acute interest to Catholics in America and elsewhere. And many, who can spare time and attention from the anxious pressing issues of debts, disarmament, and industry, are giving heed to these discussions.

The best of them all at present is that between Father Ronald Knox, the brilliant convert priest, of Oxford, and Mr. Arnold Lunn, the Protestant "High Church" wit, writer, mountaineer, and son of Sir Henry Lunn, who also is interested in Church affairs and the re-union of Christendom. The best of it is that they are both adepts at mannerly, clear controversy, and they have been exchanging letters for some time on the question of how a modern intellectual can join the Catholic Church. These have been printed now in a new volume, of which America will hear immediately. For, I repeat, it is a remarkable collaboration.

Here you have an alert-minded modern Episcopalian putting—honestly, bluntly, clearly—the salient difficulties—"Difficulties" is the title of the book—facing many people; difficulties about the Existence and Nature of God, about Prayer and the

Answer thereto; about Saints and Asceticism; about Sacraments, Indulgences, the Medieval Way with Heresy, and so on, as well as latter-day Biblical Criticism, Miracles, Purgatory, Eternal Punishment. All these are put by Arnold Lunn; and R. A. Knox has to hold goal. He does so magnificently. I do not say the triumph is his: it is not: it is the triumph of the Church, the Faith, the Case.

It is all a liberal education to readers who themselves are exposed to the winds of modern doctrine, and it is an armory of up-to-date arguments against and for the Faith; and the arguments for, as here given, impressively hold the field. Even non-Catholics, whose opinion I have taken, concede that.

"I have done my best to trail my coat," says Lunn, "and Father Knox has accepted battle on ground of my choosing." That is the supreme test. "One thing," he admits, "at least has been proved by this correspondence,—that there is no excuse any longer for people believing that Roman

Catholics are themselves secretly uneasy about their position. This odd view is widely held."

And Father Knox was only too glad to get an educated modern (who has dusted the jackets of the sophomores and dogmatic scientists in his recent book, *The Flight From Reason*) to lead a vigorous and spirited attack. "It is very hard," he says, "for the Catholic apologist now-a-days to find a battle-ground where straight issues are to be fought: his opponents—that is, those who count are usually content with a sneer here, an undocumented charge there, in the course of some treatise which has nothing ostensibly to do with religion; they do not trail their coats as gold."

But for once a lively *intelligence* has done so. And we Catholics have every reason in the world to be grateful for the result. Into this friendly fireside talk of two old Etonians there comes now and then a beautiful candor.

"The trouble with you," murmurs Father Knox—and those of us who have been in his room at St. Aldate's, Oxford, can see his twinkle as he writes the words—"The trouble with you is that you prefer vagueness to mystery. People talk as if definitism

was an attempt to abolish mystery. But actually it is the other way: theological mystery depends for its existence upon the hard outlines of definition. Thus, if you assert by definition that in that which you see before you the accidents that remain are those of Bread, but the substance is that of the Body of Christ, you have mystery; you have confessed the inadequacy of your reason to understand a reconciliation which is nevertheless a necessary one. But if you say, 'All I know is that Christ is here,' that is not mystery but vagueness; your statement may mean anything or next to nothing; your mind has nothing to bite on, and you are left with a merely conditional attitude.

"You can prove, without recourse to revelation, that God is omniscient, and on the other side that the human will is free. There you have a mystery. And when that happens, you desert your definitions and fall back into vagueness. In a general way, you are prepared to think of God as omniscient; but when you come up against this difficulty of free will, you revoke and say 'Steady on! He can't be as omniscient as all that.'

Now if an active mind like Lunn's is guilty of these fallacies, how much more must be the average non-Catholic modern. And this is where value of Father Knox's patient and acute analysis comes in: most moderns well recognize just their own besetting errors in those which are answered here. It is startling to find, on looking back, how enormous is the ground covered in these interesting personal letters. Here, at random, are a few nuggets showing the scope of it:

"Catholics take risks, as you may see by the fact that they are always well represented in what Puritans regard as the risky professions, the turf, the stage, the ring, and so on. The crowd they live with is often a crowd which has precious little morals, and yet it does not seem to touch them."

"Church-going Catholics often give scandal where Protestants would have avoided giving scandal by the simple process of ceasing to go to church."

"Truth is truth and has a right to be told; and even if I felt confident that a man was being saved outside the Church by following his lights faithfully, even if an angel from heaven revealed it to me, I should still want him to be enlightened with the fullness of the Catholic revelation and should not feel justified in neglecting any opportunity for convincing him. To hush up the claims of the Church on the ground that I was in danger of unsettling people's minds would be doing evil that good may come, an attitude always forbidden by Catholic principle. An obvious duty must not be postponed through far-fetched calculation of

the consequences; and such an obvious duty is the duty of disseminating Catholic truth where it is not fully understood.

"Of course, I would not willingly, and do not on principle, seek to disturb the beliefs any man holds, in the hope that if he came to lose his present confidence he might possible return to Catholicism. That in its turn would be doing evil that good might come; and the danger of his losing his religion altogether is now-a-days greater than the hope that he *might* become a Catholic. But over the positive truths of the Catholic religion I cannot keep silence."

THOUSANDS of people hitherto have known Father Knox as a wit, a satirist, a parodist and so on; others know him as a master of the detective story; or, again, as a speaker and preacher. Personally, while I put him first among our satirists in prose or verse, I do not think he is a whit more remarkable there than as an exponent of theology. I do not mean that he is a Dreadnought among Schoolmen or official theologians; but rather that he is one of our very best fast Cruisers, magnificently gunned, and so mobile among the craft of today that he emerges from the sky-line when there is any difficult swift fighting to be done, leaves a broadside in the right spot, and—after the work has been neatly done—you see the smoke from his deck and funnels already away on the other horizon, to some fresh job. And he has done his executions with a minimum of bloodshed. The vanquished must *like* his particular mode of knock-out. I feel sure Arnold Lunn admires it; he says so.

Lunn begins the correspondence with an admission. There is a presumption for a true, infallible Church. "It is reasonable to suppose that Christ would not have left this world without some institution appointed to preserve His teaching from corruption. And clearly the claims of the Roman Catholic Church to be the institution in question are very strong.... I can't see why a Protestant need dispute the *a priori* probability that Christ would take at least as much trouble as John Wesley for instance took to provide an effective institution to perpetuate His teaching. Human founders of churches have seldom left such matters to chance." But it is the record of certain bad Catholics—officials, even a Pope or two—which sticks in his throat: "I find it difficult to accept Alexander VI as the Vicar of Christ," and so on. Father Knox has not much difficulty with this argument, sincere as it is, stumbling block though it is with many people who confuse Divine over-ruling with personal sanctity. Indeed, the Protestant arguer's own admission in an earlier book deserves blazoning

again before the eyes of our separated brethren: He said then: "The Catholic Church realizes that she cannot afford to be too exclusive. In the course of nineteen centuries she has made at least one great discovery; she has learnt that sinners sometimes sin. And as a result Catholicism is more successful than Protestantism in retaining the affectionate loyalty of the erring.... Protestant congregations are composed in the main of respectable and moral members of Society. A Methodist, for instance, who started keeping a mistress, would almost certainly be lost to his chapel. A Roman Catholic, under similar circumstances, might continue to hear Mass, and even if he ceased to be a practising Catholic, his loyalty to the Church as an institution and his pride of membership—*Civis Romanus sum* in a new form—would probably remain unimpaired.

"The Protestant is, perhaps, more consistent here. He feels that to maintain the outward practice of religion while living in defiance of a religious code is hypocritical. The Catholic Church with a deeper insight into psychology encourages the sinner to maintain the unbroken habit of outward observance, for habits once broken are difficult to resume. In other words, the Catholic Church recognizes, as Wesley never recognized, the value of the 'half Christian' or the 'almost Christians'.... We shall never get a nation composed entirely of 'whole Christians.' The 'half-Christian' is indeed a very useful member of society, and, so long as he continues to be the backbone of the State, Christian ethics will not be challenged. Sinners will continue to sin, but they will at least have the decency to refrain from preaching what they practice—a much more serious offence than failing to practice what they preach."

But in these latter days of international trouble and industrial distress, you may ask: Are these the topics that excite and divide men? Isn't it rather the enigma of God's silence, the spread of evil and vulgarity, the bread-and-butter fears of the masses, the fantastic folly of war and armaments, that depress the intelligent and hopeful? Very true: and these primary things are discussed in these letters too.

THE world never so badly needed leadership: and leaders never so gravely needed courage and enlightenment, clear principles, God. Meanwhile, the distractions of the second-best, the noises and alarms of cinema, radio, press, books and so on were never so marked as today; and the handicaps to plain living and high thinking may probably be on the increase. But all times have recognized the difficulty of the world being (apparently) left to itself: the whole Book of Job is written round

it, and other parts of Scripture refer to it boldly, St. Paul and St. John in particular.

A man with primitive feelings, as Father Knox suggests, may be consoled somewhat for the evils of the world by the reflection that the wicked will well pay for it later on. But the sensitive mind is appalled by the reflection that issues so vast have upon the recognition or non-recognition of truths which some people boast themselves unable to accept.

"And," he goes on, "there must be a large percentage of humanity which, without being certifiably insane, is really incapable of forming sound judgments; sometimes (when I read the penny papers, for example) I begin to suspect that it is far larger than we ordinarily allow for." The problem here has less to do with those who cannot see their way to becoming Catholics than with those who do not even become Theists. All we know is that none is doomed except through his own fault, and therefore, insofar as unbelief is not their fault, God will make allowances. *Would* they (as is so often glibly claimed) put up a better struggle if they knew more? May there not be some temperaments which are content with the dark or the half light; and others again who are spurred on to effort by such half-light? In some cases (those of us who have knocked about and observed our fellowmen know) there are people who cannot find God because they do not look for Him. "Looking" means here a little perseverance, a little concentration, patience and care—not a casual five minutes' reading now and then in the daily paper symposium! How many, to be brutally sincere, give the same tenacity to this task as they do to cross-word puzzles or the latest competition?

HONESTLY answered, that question will reveal many hearts—in high places and in low. No doubt there are hard cases and exceptions; but, generally speaking, surely those whose curiosity is genuinely aroused and who have any mental fibre worth speaking of, *continue* the search till it yields them some positive results. Thus there is in the religious sphere a survival of the fittest—and it applies to the "exalted" as much as to the ordinary man, to the professor as well as the peasant. More or less, here we get what we deserve: supply follows demand: the Kingdom of Heaven is taken by mental violence and earnestness.

Doubt can be a fine discipline—to fine natures. It gives them an instinct for essentials and a tact for truth. Doubt is a passage in most young men's lives today—but let one who has passed through it caution them that a "passage" is meant to

lead somewhere, and secondly that passages are draughty places and are not meant to be lived in.

The trouble is not that the existence of God cannot be demonstrated. It can. The metaphysical argument, though some people refuse to look at it because they are thought-shy, is perfectly conclusive. What is needed, if there is to be a satisfactory effect on conduct, is that the truth should be kept in the consciousness. There are moods (as Father Knox says) when it is very hard, in the grip of misfortune—such as the world is experiencing now—to hold by religious convictions which common experience does not seem to verify. "I will pray for all such souls and pity them," he says, "but I will not admit that their doubts are justified. It seems to me essential to the whole temper of religion that it must be strong enough to get in, for a time at least, without any sort of *a posteriori* corroboration. The

Saints had their satisfying 'experiences,' but as a rule only after a long period during which all certainty seemed to be removed from them and they had to cling to God by naked faith."

We have no business, any of us, to ask for an earthly life free of effort or difficulty: still less a spiritual life free of them. Isn't that ordinary sense? Yet we often forget it in talk and practice. People sometimes come up to Catholics and ask them for "proofs" that will go on a postcard. But "proofs" in a mathematical sense don't apply to moral verities. Also if they did go on a postcard they would be worth precisely what that piece of pasteboard is worth. And finally the real values aren't so easily transferable. You have to earn them and work for them. Religion is more than an intellectual exercise, though thank God it is that; it is a life to be lived and kingdom of the Real to be conquered and kept.

Empty Arms

By Theodora Bates Cogswell

I CAME back through the House of Pain,

Back from the Hall of Sleep,

Eager to greet my own and taste

The mother's rapture deep—

But I awoke to empty arms

And eyes which could not weep.

O Mary, who didst safely bear
Thy Son, before the Throne
Surely thou liftest constant prayer
For those who have but known
The keen birth-pang—the woman's hour—
And waked from it alone!

WITH empty arms forevermore

They tell me I shall go—

With empty arms—but with God's grace

I need not leave them so;

For here and there a little child

Wakes motherless below.

O Mary, pray for me to find
Some little head to lie
Warm on my breast and nourish there
Love's healing mystery.
With child on earth and child in Heaven
Surely a mother I.

LAST night I, dreaming, seemed to wake

Again from anguish wild—

But to warm peace, till looking back

And suffering, reconciled,

I smiling said with thankful heart:

"Lo! thus I earned my child!"

O Mary, pray that while I tend
That little child unknown,
The perfect ways of mother-love
May thus to me be shown—
That I may know them when I meet
My unforgotten own.



THE CHIVALRY OF A VIRGIN HEART

T

HE New Testament is ominously silent as to the whereabouts, during the crucifixion, of Peter and the rest of the Apostles. But there is one exception. St. John is mentioned as standing beneath the Cross with the Virgin Mother.

We are not surprised to find *her* there. Apart from what we know of her as the one chosen out of all womankind to be the Mother of God, there is something appropriate in her presence. It is a significant fact that all our accounts of Jesus' last hours give prominence to the women who followed Him. We meet with them on the *Via Dolorosa*. We see them standing, a pathetic group, amid the ribald mob which thronged the Crucified.

And this is not wholly accounted for by the supposition that their sex protected them where it would have been perilous for men to show themselves. It is woman's peculiar vocation to minister to the body. Infancy is utterly dependent on her for its physical needs. From her breast it draws its nourishment and

By
Daniel B. Pulsford

it is her voice which croons it to sleep. In later years she is the housewife in whose province lies all that concerns health and cleanliness. She is *par excellence* the nurse to whom, in time of sickness, we commit ourselves.

As she ministered to us in the first hours of existence, so does she soothe the last hours of the dying. What more fitting therefore than that the Divine Sufferer should be attended on Calvary by these Sisters of Compassion or that foremost among them should be she who had borne Him in her womb?

BUT there is another and still more relevant trait in womanhood which helps us to understand her prominence in the scenes of the Passion. There is in woman a strain of chivalry which causes her love to shine the brighter as the night grows dark-

er. Misfortune reveals her strength. In times of prosperity she may seem but a useless parasite, a mere ornament and luxury, but let disaster fall and she becomes the comforter.

PUBLIC disgrace has no effect upon her love; the fallen hero is as dear to her as the popular favorite, if indeed he be not dearer when he is deserted by all and she has him to herself. Let poverty come and her cheery resourcefulness, her smiling welcome to adversity put new courage into the Breadwinner. When she is true to her nature, suffering makes a stronger appeal to her than success. She can be won by tears when arrogant strength finds her irresponsible.

Supernatural grace does not destroy but enhances the beauty of our natural qualities. It is the sunshine on the landscape that else were bleak and bare. The women who attended Jesus in His last hours were not less women because they were Saints. In them we may see all the graciousness, the chivalric fidelity of

the natural woman sanctified, irradiated with a Divine glory, raised beyond itself. Mary standing at the Cross represents woman in her element, performing her characteristic part, yet performing it with a supernatural graciousness nowhere else seen.

Though we perceive a special appropriateness in her presence there, what are we to say of her companion, St. John? Of his manhood there can be no question. This sun-burnt Fisherman was not a weakling. It was no effeminate lady's-man whom Our Lord called a Son of Thunder. In the demand that inhospitable Samaritans should be punished with fire from heaven we catch something of the spirit which later marshalled the Crusades for the extirpation of those who had profaned the Holy Places. The Apocalypse is the work of one in whose soul burned a volcanic energy. A true man, "a verraparfit knight" was this son of Zebdeee.

And he, too, fits into the picture and belongs to it as much as the frail woman whom he supports. St. John stood in a special relationship to Our Lord—one of peculiar personal intimacy. We fail to detect in him the capacity for public action we see in St. Peter. The gifts of leadership and initiative are not conspicuously his. But when the Company sits at meat it is John whose head leans on the Master. He is like some favored younger brother.

THREE are mystical depths in him such as cause men to withdraw from the more active life of the world. He is less like Martha and more like her sister Mary than the other disciples. That communion which he enjoyed with his Master had tempered his manhood without depriving it of its virility. The attitude of one who waits and serves had grown upon him. "The soul," wrote Coventry Patmore, "is as a woman before God."

That was true of St. John. Like a woman he reached truth rather by intuition than by conscious reasoning, loved with selfless, uncalculating devotion and humbled himself as a servant whose only task is to obey. It was as though he had reached that point in his life with Christ where, in St. Paul's phrase, "there is neither male nor female," that condition at which the Master Himself had hinted when He spoke of those who, in the Resurrection, were as the angels, neither marrying nor giving in marriage. A virgin soul, one of those hundred forty-four thousand, of whom he afterwards wrote who "were not defiled with women: for they are virgins. These follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

He was the first of that great Company who in subsequent years were to dedicate their manhood to God and who created the ideal of chiv-

alrous knighthood celebrated by poets in such figures as those of Sir Galahad and Sir Perceval. It was a new type peculiar to Christianity, militant humility, wise innocence, manly virginity.

THE barbarians laughed at the beardless celibates, strangers both to war and women. It seemed but a jest to attempt the spread of the new religion by means of emissaries so unlike all that the pagan most admired. But savage Vandals, barbaric Goths, shaggy Northmen were no match for these beardless monks with their faces of girl-like purity. The warriors of the Cross could never be defeated. They returned to their burnt and pillaged monasteries as though nothing had ever happened. They smiled in death and forgave their slayers. Before the uplifted Crucifix the battle-axe was lowered, the javelin dropped from the hand. It was, I say, a new type in the history of the world, and St. John was its prototype.

It would have been strange if the virgin Apostle had not been drawn to the Virgin Mother. He whose head reposed on Christ's breast could not but revere and love with a special devotion her on whose breast Christ had laid His head. St. John's attachment to Our Lady is emphasized by the fact that his own mother Salome was not only living but was in that group of women who followed their Lord to the scaffold.

IT was within Salome's hearing that the dying Savior said: "Son, behold thy Mother!" And it was with no betrayal of filial duty that the beloved Disciple accepted the bequest. Ties as close even as those which bound St. Augustine to St. Monica could not be allowed to interfere with the chivalrous duty he owed the Mother of his Lord. The fact that St. John was found standing with Our Blessed Lady rather than with the mother who bore him and was one with him in faith gives us a glimpse into the holiness of the new



relationship into which he was called that is positively dazzling. Had Salome been an unbeliever, had she been one of those that fled, we could understand it.

But as the case was, we can only surmise that the Apostle saw that Mary's claims on his devotion and protecting care were what the Church has ever affirmed that they are for us all. In the Upper Room Jesus had declared: "I will not now call you servants . . . but I have called you friends." But even this status was eclipsed now. The servant had become a friend and the friend had been transformed into a younger brother, supernaturally united with Mary as son with mother.

We need not suppose that there was any dereliction of duty, that Zebdee's wife was left without home and defender. The higher responsibilities have a way of fitting in with the lower. Providence is not unmindful of the claims arising from kinship according to the flesh, as many a one called to the Religious Life has learned. John was free to enter his new vocation. With unburdened conscience he could now devote himself through all the years during which either might live to the Woman who had borne the Incarnate God.

TALES of chivalry have concerned themselves for the most part with the theme of love as that term is commonly understood, and into the best of them there enters an element which robs them of perfect purity. In Malory's *Morte D'Arthur* we read how Sir Palomides tells his successful rival, concerning the Lady La Beale Isoud, "Ye rejoice her . . . and so had I never nor never am like to have, and yet shall I love her to the uttermost days of my life as well as ye." But even such hopeless, unrewarded love is still that love of which troubadours sang.

In the devotion of a loyal son to his mother, however, is something higher: strength dedicated to weakness, youth to age, after a fashion scarcely imagined by the singers of feudalism. Save that of the son's relationship to his father, which Christ made the type of our relationship to God, among human ties there is none more sacred. And it was this holiest of natural kinships which was glorified, sublimated, raised to its highest level in the bond created by the Savior between His Mother and His Beloved Disciple.

We do not need to be reminded that all those baptized into the Faith are called upon to accept the same status as that accorded to St. John. He was, indeed, but our representative. When Christ said, "Behold thy Mother!" He said it to all, He called upon each of His "brethren" to take up the burden of filial duty and de-

votion to the great Queen of Heaven.

The fact is only mentioned because it is intimately related to the subject of chivalry. It is acknowledged by historians of every school that the devotion to the Blessed Virgin which resulted from the realization of this relationship was one of the most potent influences in Christianizing and civilizing the barbaric hordes of Europe.

The virginal eyes of the Mother of God did more to tame the brute strength and refine the rough manhood of what is now Christendom than any imperial statutes or learned scholars. Those eyes taught a new deference to the weakness of womanhood. They pleaded with lust. They emancipated those who before had been either beasts of burden, the drudges of the household or the pampered playthings of sensual luxury. They created that Code of Chivalry which for centuries governed the passions of hot-blooded

races. From their gaze came a new conception of the dignity and beauty of the love of man and woman, whence sprang the romanticism of the poets and troubadours.

But, alas! the reverse also is true. The iconoclasm which banished Our Blessed Lady opened the door to the moral chaos, the unchivalric code of our own day. Since the Blessed Virgin's sway has been discarded, "love" tends ever to lose its mystery, its romance, and becomes but a stimulant of pleasure, an indulgence divorced from responsibility, until, robbed of all that gave it sanctity and preserved it from profanation, it becomes the cynical jest of the disillusioned.

Time is it that the vision of St. John, the virgin-hearted, captured once more the imagination of the world and recalled to mind the peculiar type of manhood which Christianity created and by which it civilized the forces of barbarism.

It Is Consummated

"Jesus therefore . . . said: 'It is consummated.' And bowing his head, he gave up the ghost." —(St. John, 19:30.)

Hugh F. Blunt, LL. D.

CONSUMMATUS! Now is done
All the Father bade His Son;
All the sorrow, all the pain,
Of the spotless Victim slain.

*Consummatum! Now are filled
All the mysteries God willed;
Fruit empurpled harvests He
From the royal Sacred Tree.*

*Consummatum! What the Seers
Prophesied adown the years
Resteth in fulfillment now
On His thorny-cinctured brow.*

*Consummatum! There remains
But Death's sigh to fill His pains,
Penalty for Adam's sin
That mankind new life may win.*

*Consummatum! Glad to die,
Eager breathes He that last sigh;
Sigh of Love that brings Him death,
But to me a new life's breath.*

*Consummatum! Love is bound
Fast to earth, now holy ground;
Christ is dead upon the Tree—
Love is King eternally.*

THE RITE of MARRIAGE

By

Adrian Lynch, C.P.

What is meant by the rite of marriage?

By the rite of marriage is meant the liturgical part of the solemnization of marriage.

Where is the marriage rite to be found?

The marriage rite is to be found in the ritual of the Church, called the Roman Ritual.

Is there any obligation to observe the marriage rite?

"Outside of the case of necessity, the rites printed in liturgical books, and approved by the Church, or those introduced by laudable customs, are to be observed." Canon 1100.

What is meant by the expression "outside the case of necessity"?

Two examples of cases of necessity are given in Canon 1098, viz., when an authorized priest cannot be had or approached, it is valid and lawful to contract marriage before two witnesses only, in danger of death; and when it is prudently foreseen that this condition of affairs will last for one month. In these cases it is sufficient to express and receive the matrimonial consent without observing the rite of marriage, as prescribed in liturgical books. (See February, 1932, issue of THE SIGN.)

What are the most important features of the Catholic rite of marriage?

The most important features of the Catholic rite of marriage are the joining of the parties in marriage, after having asked and received their matrimonial consent, and the bestowal of the solemn nuptial blessing.

What is the solemn nuptial blessing?

The solemn nuptial blessing is a prayer offered by the priest who witnesses the marriage, in which he asks a special blessing of God on the married partners. The blessing itself will be found below.

May the solemn blessing be received outside Mass?

The solemn blessing can be given only at Mass, except at Mass during the forbidden times. Canon 1101.

What is meant by forbidden times?

Forbidden times are from the first Sunday in Advent to Christmas Day, inclusive, and from Ash Wednesday to Easter Sunday, inclusive, during which times marriage may not be solemnized with nuptial Mass and blessing. Canon 1108:2.

Does this mean that the Church

forbids the celebration of marriage during the forbidden times?

No, marriage can be contracted at any time of the year. Only the solemn blessing, given during nuptial Mass, is forbidden. Canon 1108:1.

Are there any exceptions to this law?

"Ordinaries of places can permit the solemn blessing during the forbidden times for a just cause, and in accordance with the liturgical laws, with an admonition to the parties to the marriage that they avoid unbefitting pomp. Canon 1108:3.

May the solemn blessing be imparted after marriage has already been contracted?

"The pastor shall take care those about to marry shall receive the solemn nuptial blessing, which can be given to them, even though they have already been married for a long time, but only during Mass." Canon 1101:1.

Does this mean that parties who have been validly married for a year, or longer, can still have a nuptial Mass and receive the solemn blessing?

Yes.

May the solemn blessing be received when a person marries a second time?

A woman who has once received the solemn blessing cannot receive it a second time. Canon 1143.

Who can impart the solemn nuptial blessing?

"Only the priest who can validly and lawfully assist at the marriage, as mentioned above in Chapter VI." Canon 1101:2.

Can he delegate another priest to impart the nuptial blessing?

The priest authorized to assist at the marriage, e.g., the pastor of the place, can impart the blessing himself, or give the license to do so to another priest. Canon 1101:2.

What must the authorized priest do when witnessing a marriage?

He must ask and receive the consent of the contracting parties without being compelled by force or grave fear. Canon 1095:3.

Is the free assistance of the priest necessary for validity?

It is.

What is the procedure when there is a question of marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic?

The priest authorized to witness such a marriage must freely ask and receive the consent of the contracting parties, as in the case of Catholic marriages. Canon 1102:1.

Is the ceremony of marriage between a Catholic and a non-Catholic the same as between two Catholics?

Essentially it is the same, for the

No. 9 in the Canon Law of Marriage

priest who witnesses the marriage must freely ask and receive the consent of the contracting parties, as said above. "But all sacred rites are forbidden." Canon 1102:2.

Where are marriages entered into between Catholics and non-Catholics celebrated?

Marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics should be celebrated outside the Church. Canon 1109:3. In this country it is the custom to celebrate marriages of this kind in the pastor's house, or rectory.

Why does not the Church observe the same rules for mixed marriages as for Catholic marriages?

The privilege of those sacred rites, so dear to loyal Catholics, is denied to mixed marriages because the Church strongly disapproves them.

Does the law forbidding the use of sacred rites in mixed marriages allow of any exception?

The Ordinary of the place can allow some of the usual ecclesiastical ceremonies in marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics, if graver evils would follow from the strict prohibition of all sacred rites. But the celebration of Mass is always forbidden in such cases. Canon 1102:2.

May marriages be celebrated in private homes?

The ordinary rule, which the Church insists upon, is that marriages between Catholics be celebrated in the parish church, and marriages between Catholics and non-Catholics outside the church, i.e., in the rectory or sacristy. Marriage in private homes can be permitted by the Ordinary only in an extraordinary case, and for a just and reasonable cause. Canon 1109:1, 2, 3.

THE MARRIAGE CEREMONY

At the proper time, before the Mass begins, the candidates take their place at the altar-railing, or in the sanctuary according to custom. They stand, facing the altar, the bride to the left of the groom. The bridesmaid to the left of the bride and the groomsman to the right of the groom.

The priest says to the groom:

N., wilt thou take N., here present, for thy lawful wife, according to the rite of our holy Mother the Church?

The groom answers: I will.

The priest then says to the bride:

N., wilt thou take N., here present, for thy lawful husband, according to

the rite of our holy Mother the Church?

The bride answers: I will.

Then the bride and groom join their right hands and make the following promises: The groom first repeats after the priest:

I, N. N., take thee, N. N., for my lawful wife, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part.

Then the bride repeats after the priest:

I, N. N., take thee, N. N., for my lawful husband, to have and to hold, from this day forward, for better, for worse, for richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, until death do us part.

Then the priest says in Latin:

I join you together in marriage, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Then the priest sprinkles them with holy water; then blesses the ring saying:

V. Our help is in the name of the Lord.

R. Who hath made heaven and earth.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY

Bless, O Lord, this ring, which we bless in Thy name, that she who shall wear it, keeping true faith unto her spouse, may abide in Thy peace and in obedience to Thy will, and ever live in mutual love through Christ our Lord. Amen.

The priest then sprinkles the ring with holy water. Then the groom places it on the third finger of the bride's left hand, saying:

With this ring I thee wed, and I plight unto thee my troth.

Then the priest says:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

Then the priest says:

V. Confirm, O Lord, that which Thou hast wrought in us.

R. From Thy holy temple which is in Jerusalem.

V. Lord, have mercy.

R. Christ, have mercy.

V. Lord, have mercy.

Our Father, etc.

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil.

V. Save Thy servants.

R. Who hope in Thee, O my God.

V. Send them help, O Lord, from Thy holy place.

R. And defend them out of Sion.

V. Be unto them, Lord, a tower of strength.

R. From the face of the enemy.

V. O Lord, hear my prayer.

R. And let my cry come unto Thee.

V. The Lord be with you.

R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY

Look down with favor, O Lord, we beseech Thee, upon these Thy servants, and graciously protect this Thine ordinance, whereby Thou hast provided for the propagation of mankind; that they who are joined together by Thy authority may be preserved by Thy help. Through Christ our Lord. Amen.

THE NUPTIAL BLESSING

LET US PRAY

O Lord, favorably help our supplications, and graciously protect Thine ordinance, whereby Thou hast provided for the propagation of the human race, that this union made by Thy authority may be preserved by Thy help; through our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

LET US PRAY

O God, Who by the might of Thy power didst make all things out of nothing; Who, at the beginning of the world, when man was made to the image of God, didst, out of his flesh, make the woman, and give her to him for a helpmate, thereby teaching us that what it had pleased Thee to fashion out of one, it should never be lawful to disjoin. O God, Who by so excellent a mystery, hast consecrated wedlock, and hast been pleased to make it a type of the mysterious union of Christ with His Church: O God, by Whom woman is joined to man, and that alliance ordained in the beginning is endowed with a

blessing, which alone was not taken away, either in punishment of original sin, or by the sentence of the deluge; look down graciously upon this Thy handmaid, here joined in marriage, and who earnestly desires to be taken under Thy protection. May it be to her a yoke of charity and peace; faithful and chaste may she marry in Christ, and be an imitator of holy women; may she be pleasing to her husband like Rachel; prudent, like Rebecca; long-lived and faithful, like Sarah. May the first author of sin have no share in any of her actions. May she remain firmly attached to the Faith and the commandments, and being joined to one man in wedlock, may she fly all unlawful addresses; may she fortify her weakness by the strength of discipline; may she be grave, in modesty worthy of respect, and in heavenly doctrines learned; may she be fruitful in offspring, approved and innocent, and may it be at length her happy lot to arrive at the rest of the blessed in the heavenly kingdom. May they both see their children's children even to the third and fourth generation, and attain to happy old age; through Our Lord Jesus Christ, Thy Son, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the Holy Ghost, one God world without end. Amen.

May the God of Abraham, the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob be with you; and may he fulfill His blessing in you; that you may see your children's children to the third and fourth generation: and afterward enter into the possession of eternal life, by the help of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who, with the Father and the Holy Ghost, liveth and reigneth God, world without end. Amen.

The first rule of Christian charity is to believe no evil if we have not seen it, and to be silent if we have seen it.—*Pope Clement XIV.*

Cast yourself with confidence into the arms of God, and be sure of this, that, if He wants anything of you, He will fit you for the work and give you the strength to do it.—*St. Philip Neri.*

We should at least spend as much time in thanking God for His favors as we have spent in asking for them.—*St. Vincent de Paul.*

Put the glory of God before everything. Let the infinitely good God be the end of your words, thoughts and actions.—*St. Ignatius.*

A sharp tongue is the only edged tool that gets sharper with use.—*Fr. W. Doyle, S.J.*

Our sins are as a grain of sand compared with the mountain of God's mercy.—*St. John Vianney.*

I do not seek to understand in order to believe, but I believe in order to understand. For I am certain that unless I first believe I shall not understand.—*St. Anselm.*

We are quick enough at perceiving and weighing what we suffer from others, but we mind not what others suffer from us.—*Thomas a Kempis.*



I SUPPOSE miracles happen even now-a-days in religious communities," I said to Father Xavier. "Where a kind of intimacy has been established with Heaven I suppose the supernatural enters into the order of the day?"

"Depends on what you call a miracle," Father Xavier replied. "Everyone agrees now-a-days that miracles can happen provided that they are not worked by God. An unbelieving generation has deprived itself of the possibility of a sign. But where there is faith enough to do without a wonder, no doubt little supernatural signs do occur—just to help one along the rough road."

"Then you make a difference between a sign and a wonder, Father," I said. "What exactly might the difference be?"

"Well," he answered, "I take it that a sign is mystical where a wonder is merely miraculous. I could tell you of something that happened to me, many years ago, if you care to listen."

I had got what I wanted; a story of the supernatural from the old missionary monk who lived, people said, with his head in the clouds and his feet firmly planted on the earth. I settled down to listen. He began:

"When I was first placed in charge of one of our houses I was very young

for the job. And an unusually difficult job it was, too, for the community was very badly off and we were often in desperate need, both for ourselves and for the wants of the Missions. There were constant demands for money which could not be met. The charge weighed heavily on me for I was a dreamer—I had followed a vision and it had led me, not onto the mission-field but into an unpromised land of administration and contrivance, with ledgers and pass-books disputing the claims of the books of St. Bernard and St. John of the Cross. Those supernatural happenings sometimes occur in a Religious Order.

"MANY a time I invoked the aid of our old superior who had died in the odor of sanctity, and whose Cause for Canonization we hoped to bring forward some day. He had been my novice-master, too, and I always felt that my prayers were heard. I found it hard to make decisions for I was scrupulous, and when my nerves got into a bad state I was very scrupulous indeed.

"Well, one day things had got into a more than usually desperate state. The community was in dire need of twenty pounds. We all prayed our hardest that a benefactor might come along; and when I was going

down to the chapel to get in an extra prayer I slipped and sprained my ankle. That kind of supernatural happening is quite common in a religious house.

"THE consequence was that I was confined to my bed. Anxiety had added vigils to fasting which was not in our rule, for deferred payments sat on my chest like an incubus, and my nerves were in a deplorable condition.

"On the morning after my misadventure Brother Philip, our old door-keeper, brought me in my mail. I had passed a sleepless night and had eaten no breakfast. Brother Philip had held the office of door-keeper for over twenty-five years. He was a slow-spoken, matter-of-fact man, and he took a fatherly interest in reminding me of the obvious, which I was so apt to overlook—such as taking out an umbrella on a pouring wet day. I associated his solemn but always tranquil countenance with an interruption to the prayer that I might be snatching in chapel, and the words: 'There's a gentleman (or, worse still, a lady) waiting to see you in the parlor, Father.' We used to call him 'Good Pippo' for St. Philip Neri was his patron, and many a time I found him a real stand-by, for our door-keeper's gift of prudence had been acquired through 'grace of office,' and

one could trust good Pippo with many secret things.

"On this occasion he handed me my mail as I sat up in bed, and waited to receive any necessary instructions arising therefrom. I opened the missive on the top of the packet. It was a bill from the plumber. I handed it to Brother Philip, with a sigh, telling him to get the Brother in charge of our lean purse to see to it.

"Brother Pippo grunted, and opined that the plumber could very well wait, for he had done his work on the bath-room pipes uncommonly badly. They were still leaking, and he—Brother Phillip—could have done it far better himself and spared the expense. Brother Phillip was our handy man when he was not minding the door.

"The next letter that I opened was a registered one. I took something out of it, and held it up for the Brother to see. It was a bank-note for twenty pounds.

"Here," I said, "is the answer to our prayers!"

"Then I took out the accompanying letter and read it. It was from a recent convert of mine. A well-known author whose conversion had been rather remarkable, for he had been a very bitter enemy of religion. I had once had my attention called to an article written by him in a paper called *The Image Breaker* which had done much harm to souls. He had now become a fervent Catholic—ready, indeed, for mystical flights which had to be kept in check. The letter ran as follows:

"I AM ASKING you to accept the enclosed money. I received it some years ago in payment for an article the existence of which I had since forgotten. I had cashed the check at the time, meaning to send on the bank-note to a needy relative who, however, happened to die at that moment, so the money got overlooked. I came across it accidentally today in an old pocketbook, and it gave me a bad shock for it brought the article in question back to my recollection and I am horrified to think that I have it on my conscience, for it appeared in *The Image Breaker* and must have done grave harm to the Cause. I trust you will allow me this opportunity of making some amend and not regard the enclosed as 'blood-money.'"

"That was the letter. It was the last paragraph that set me thinking—in the way I would think with my mind and nerves in the condition that they were. 'Blood-money'? Yes, this really and truly was blood-money. I had heard of a man who had lost the remnant of his faith through reading that article in *The Image Breaker*. How could I accept this money which was the price of a

soul? Here was the devil tempting me to do so. Tainted money could bring no blessing on a community, and if ever money was tainted this was!

"BROTHER PHILIP was watching me all this time, and noting my perplexity. I had no one to consult, and at times Brother Phillip reminded me in an odd way of my old Father-in-God who I would so gladly have had at my side at this moment. The letter was not confidential—everyone knew John Prothero's past. I put the case to him, and ended by saying, 'I shall return the money at once.'

"Brother Phillip's answer, delivered in his slow, matter-of-fact way, was worthy of Solomon.

"If I were you," he said, "I would be just leaving it for a while; until after you'd had a bit of sleep and some dinner; and then if you still felt that you ought not to keep the money, you could send it back and explain to the gentleman."

"I listened to his advice and recognized therein the lure of the devil, out to prevent me from following the dictates of my conscience. Poor Brother Pippo was hungry, and there were stones to be turned into bread. To delay would be fatal.

"I directed him to bring me over my blotting pad from my writing-table—I did my correspondence in bed in that way—and my fountain pen. I thrust the folded bank-note into the corner of the pad, under the leather which held the blotting-paper in place, and taking a sheet of note-paper proceeded to write my reply. I would not even wait to deal with the rest of my mail. Delays were dangerous! The devil was counting on a delay.

"I wrote a little note thanking the donor for his gift which, however, in the circumstances I felt unable to accept. It was short and to the point, for it cost me a good deal to write it. I felt that I was incurring a responsibility for he had the artistic temperament and I knew he would be upset, probably very badly upset, by my decision as to the 'blood-money.'

"When I had finished the letter I closed my eyes and sent up a prayer to Heaven, and to my old Father, that I might be doing the right thing. My old Father had taught me to flee from the 'second best,' and to scorn the thing which was 'no harm' when a higher course was indicated. He would not fail me now.

"All this time Brother Philip was standing in silence at my bed-side waiting to receive the letter. He watched me silently as I thrust it into an envelope, and when I took the fateful scrap of paper which could have rescued us from all our anxieties and placed it with the letter he heaved a heavy sigh. Poor Brother

Philip! No doubt he had been praying, too—that I might even yet take his advice, as I had done on other occasions; but, instead, I had said, 'Get thee behind me, Satan!' And at that moment I was not a little pleased with myself for having said it!

"When, however, he had silently carried the letter off, together with my instructions that it should be posted at once, I began to question my impulsive action. Had I acted rightly, after all? Or had I not only deprived the community of a means of paying its debts, but also wounded the soul of the man who had shown himself to be so truly penitent and so anxious to make an amend?

"I continued to worry over the matter, and by night-time I was thoroughly wretched. After I had said my night prayers I put up a special prayer to our old saint to come to our rescue, for I felt that I might have robbed the community of the help which it so sorely needed. Brother Philip had been right. I needed rest before I could attempt to see things in their right proportion.

"After a long while I got to sleep, and then I had a dream. A remarkably vivid dream. I dreamt I saw my old superior and novice-master standing in my room, near to my writing desk. I could see him as clearly as though he were alive. He moved up to the table and lifting up the heavy metal crucifix which lay there, placed something underneath it. After that, either he vanished or I woke up. At any rate I found myself sitting up in bed staring into the darkness. The dream, if dream it was, had been so vivid that I could not believe that it had been a dream and nothing more.

"THE pain in my foot had somewhat abated, but at the risk of starting it again I crept out of bed and put on a light—a candle it was in those days. I dragged myself over to the writing-table. Sure enough, under my crucifix there lay a scrap of folded white paper. It crackled as I took it up and unfolded it. It was a Bank of England note for twenty pounds.

"I examined it closely. There was no mistaking that it was a genuine bank-note, similar to the one which I had sent away a few hours ago. I turned it over in my hand in increasing bewilderment. It was unthinkable that anyone could have entered my cell during the night; and most assuredly no one in the house was possessed of a bank-note for twenty pounds!

"It was the exact sum that I had repudiated for conscience sake. I asked myself: Was I still dreaming? The sense of the uncanny overpow-

ered me. I replaced the note under the crucifix and crawled back into bed with a curious fear on me. There was nothing for it but to wait for the morning and verify my mental condition.

"Needless to say, I got no more sleep that night. I just managed to doze, and when dawn came I sat up and peered into the shadows in the direction of my writing-table. I could see, dimly but unmistakably, a piece of white paper under the crucifix.

"Once more I crawled out of bed. That episode of finding the bank-note might so well have been the second chapter of a dream? But when I picked it up there was no mistake about it—the paper under the crucifix was a bank-note for twenty pounds.

"What hand had my old Father had in this? I had certainly not been dreaming on the second occasion. How about the first? I got back into bed and considered the matter whilst the sun grew ruddy in the east. Miracles are not to be credited readily, even in religious houses; and this one, moreover, presented an ethical objection which had to be overcome. It did not appear to be a very ethical proceeding to 'mint' a bank-note, which is a draft on the Nation's Credit, even in the cause of charity. It was not the sort of thing which I would have looked for from my old novice-master, who had definite ideas as to the Ten Commandments as well as the Counsels of Perfection.

"BROTHER INFIRMARIAN brought me in my mail with my breakfast. I sorted out a letter from my friend, John Prothero, which would be an answer to mine. I opened it eagerly. It was exactly as I expected. His feelings had been grievously wounded by my refusal to accept the tainted money. He wrote bitterly:

"I hoped to have been able to make some amend for the harm done by that devilish article, but I see that it is impossible. I have made the Bank of England a present of the tainted money; that is to say, I have thrown it into the fire. Please accept my apologies for having offered it to you."

"I laid the letter down and thought. So he had burnt the note which I had returned to him. That was like him—the petulant gesture of a man with the artist's temperament. But what a set-back this might mean to him spiritually! Poor Prothero!

"But there came another thought to me at the same time. Surely this 'present made to the Bank of England' disposed of my difficulty with regard to the 'minted' note? My old Father was exonerated. He had simply restored what had accidentally been destroyed. Accidentally, because my action had evidently, he

considered, been one of zeal rather than discretion. He had, moreover, set the seal of his approval on my keeping the tainted money. It was a startlingly dramatic solution of the whole question.

"My chief thought was, not so much that we had become possessed of a vitally useful sum of money, but that I might have something to recount to my friend which would remove the bitterness from his soul.

"I sent a message down for them to ring up Mr. Prothero and ask him if he could spare a moment to call on me. One does not usually see visitors in one's cell, but this was a matter of urgency. I had said no word of what had happened to Brother In-

firmarian. If it had been Brother Philip I might have done so, but the latter was not in attendance, being busy seeing to the bath-room pipes of which the defaulting plumber had made such a bad job. Brother Infirmary had not learnt discretion in the dure school of door-keeping; and a miracle is not a matter which one bandies about before it has been thoroughly sifted.

"In the course of the morning John Prothero arrived on the scene.

"I have to tell you," I said, "that I made a mistake in declining to take your kind gift yesterday. Something has occurred that makes me feel that it was an error on my part."

"He was rather inclined to be



Sure enough under my crucifix there lay a scrap of folded white paper

churlish—I could see that I had wounded him very deeply.

"Well, at any rate it's too late now," he responded. "I told you that I destroyed the note, did I not? A perfectly idiotic thing to do. I pitched your letter with the enclosure into the fire after I had read it. I thought better of it the next moment, but it was too late. I burnt my fingers pretty badly trying to retrieve it."

"He glanced down at his right hand. The thumb and first finger were bandaged.

"I don't suppose," I said, "that you happened to take the number of the note?"

"Well," he replied, "as a matter of fact I have it. I took it down years ago, in the same pocket-book where I found it. But I'm afraid it won't be any good. The money couldn't be recovered."

"Well, now," I said, "I'm going to tell you of a curious dream that I had last night." And with that I told him the story of the visit of my old Father and of my finding the note on my writing-table. At the end I said: "Would you mind comparing the number of the note on the table yonder, under the crucifix, with the one in your note-book?"

"I watched him as he rose, thoroughly mystified, to comply. He took the note up and examined it; then taking out his pocket-book referred to its pages.

"It's the same number," he said. "This must be my note."

"But I returned it to you," I replied. "I had it here, tucked in the corner of my blotting-pad whilst I wrote to you, and I most distinctly remember putting it into the letter. Moreover, I have a witness who saw me do it." (I thought of poor Brother Philip's heavy sigh.)

"I did not blame him for eyeing me with incredulity.

"I have your witness to the fact that you made away with it," I said, smiling and pointing to his bandaged fingers; "perhaps I ought to produce my witness, too. I will send for Brother Philip."

"So I sent for Brother Philip. They succeeded in digging him out from the bathroom, and he arrived, clad in a blue apron, pulling his sleeves down as he came. He cast a swift glance at my companion and then pulled himself up to be interrogated.

"Now, Brother," I said, "will you tell us—can you remember seeing me place an enclosure inside the letter which I wrote to this gentleman yesterday?"

"Brother Philip made answer in his slow, imperturbable way.

"Yes," he said. "I saw you put in an enclosure; but it wasn't a bank-note."

"I stared at him in amazement. What was Brother Philip thinking of?"

"But you saw me take it from the flap in my pad where I had put it after I showed it to you," I cried.

"Yes," he said, "but it wasn't the bank-note, it was the plumber's bill.

"You see," he went on in his calm, unruffled way, "I had the plumber's bill in my hand; and when you were writing the letter I knew you would be repenting of it by-and-by, and then you might not like to ask for the money back; or the gentleman might have given it to somebody else by then, so when you shut your eyes to say a prayer I just nicked out the bank-note from its place and slipped in the bill, and prayed hard to our old Father that you might not notice what I'd done. And, sure enough, you never did! You were still praying, I suppose. At any rate I was," Brother Pippo said.

I SIMPLY sat and looked at him. Brother Philip had explained away my wonder in the simplest way possible—just as he would do. It was just like Brother Philip!

"And what did you do with the note?" I asked.

"I just slipped it under the crucifix on your table for Him to take care of later on when you were not noticing," he said. "I reckoned it could stay there until you had come to another way of thinking. You would not be finding it until you were up and about."

"You did not reckon on our old Father calling my attention to it," I said.

"And then I told him my curious dream. But Brother Pippo had not finished pouring cold water over my miracles. In that capacity he fairly rivalled the bath-room pipes which he had been tending.

"You most likely caught sight of me without knowing it," was the drenching reply, "when I was putting the note on your table," and it made the kind of impression that comes out in a dream. I'm told that dreams are made up of that kind of stuff."

"My visitor had been listening to all this. Now he came in with his comment.

"Then I understand," he said, "that it was a plumber's invoice that I was trying to rescue when I burnt my fingers?" He made a grimace—they were evidently still giving him pain. "Now that I come to think of it, I didn't examine the enclosure."

"That seems to have been the

case," I admitted, rather shamefaced. Brother Philip had made havoc of my miracle. I was feeling just a little bit ashamed of myself. John Prothero's face had reassumed its bitter expression.

"Well," he observed, "since the good Brother has exploded your theory that your late superior wished to make good my tainted money, I presume that the situation remains where it was—that you have no use for it."

"With that he held out his hand for the note which I was holding in my own. For the life of me I could not think what to reply. It was perfectly true, the situation was unchanged. Even now I don't know how I should have answered him if Good Pippo had not chimed in with an observation. He had caught sight of the other's bandaged hand as he held it out.

"So you tried to burn the note," he commented. "And you burnt your fingers trying to rescue it. Those would be the fingers that hold your pen when you do a bit of writing?"

"They are," the other replied, "and they seem likely to give me trouble for some time to come."

"Well," Brother Philip continued, "it seems to me that the money that was paid for the bad bit of work and the fingers that wrote it have both been to Purgatory. I shouldn't worry about it any more. It's true," he went on, "that it wasn't the bank-note, it was only the plumber's bill—and it was like his impudence to send a bill in for that messed-up job!"—he added in parenthesis—"that got into the fire, but it seems to me that the cleansing fires come in somehow. I shouldn't be worrying about it, if I were you."

"Well—we didn't worry. We decided not to—John Prothero and I. We just sat there and laughed—laughed for sheer joy, for the mysticism of Good Pippo was worth all the miraculous happenings in the world. And who would ever have dreamt that Brother Philip was a mystic?"

"And, after all, Father Xavier," I said, "if an answer to prayer is not a miraculous happening, what is?"

HE NODDED approval. "And that's what I mean by a sign as distinct from a wonder," he said. "They do happen occasionally, and since there's a meaning behind a sign, which there need not be necessarily behind a wonder, I don't mind telling these little stories now and again."

If two good works present themselves, one in favor of a person whom we love, and the other in favor of one from whom we have received an injury, we must give the preference to the latter.—*St. John Vianney*.

However good a clock may be, we must still wind it daily. And he who takes care of his heart will, as it were, wind it up toward God night and morning.—*St. Francis de Sales*.

POROUS PLASTERS *and*

By Ig Nikilis

WOODEN LEGS

Gold for All

MEXICO has discovered entombed Aztec treasures. Gold and jewels worthy of an Aladdin or a Tut-Ankh-Amen.

But there's a greater wealth buried deep in that troubled country, which is yet to be unearthed. Alongside it, gleaming pearls and the honey-colored metal are just so much dross. For the want of it, the land has been desolate for the last few years. With the rediscovery of it, a flush of joy and prosperity would bless the nation and stir it to "newness of life."—Not only Mexico, however, is in vital need of this super-trove: our own country and the world at large are eagerly awaiting its reappearance.

And what is this dormant treasure of treasures that seems to have hidden itself deeply away, of late, from national and international mentality and affairs?

Political common-sense.

Unsoft Interlude (I.e. hard times)

EVEN the Saturday Evening Post is getting thin.

Women don't go shopping any more. They just go stopping.

Business is at last and at least having its own way. Nobody's giving it any orders.

How long ago was it that hard times consisted merely in trying to eat one's wife's biscuits?

A certain great thinker is just now taking our national pulse. Might as well. Everything else has been taken.

At any rate, we don't have to pay ten cents for one cent's worth of anything now. We can get it for five.

Concerning Capital

CAPITAL and Labor are like a modern couple: always fighting or getting divorced.

We wish they would forget themselves for a while and concentrate on the up-bringing of their off-spring known as Prosperity.

When Capital and Labor indulge in a tug-o-war, the public, of course, is always the rope.

What Labor says it wants is a square deal. But Capital, more meekly, often manages to be satisfied with a crooked one.

Negative News From Life

QUEEN MARIE of Roumania seems to be planning another visit to America. Oh, hum. It's no longer a novelty to behold royalty in a bread-line.

It's said that 300,000 second-hand American radios are being shipped to the Fatherland. — Which seems to be our little way of boxing the ears of Germany for not paying her debts, eh?

The President of Lehigh University declares students have changed very little in the past thirty years. From the unkempt way a lot of them dress, we are beginning to think so ourselves.

Singing is beneficial in certain cases of deafness, according to a medical column.—Certainly. If some of our radio crooners could hear themselves, they'd never have the conscience or courage to collect their salaries.

Millikan, according to a headline announcement, is against Higher Education for all. And so, it appears, are any number of college-boys, too.

Moving pictures are now being made of actual murder trials. Children, you see, were complaining about the usual flat and hackneyed criminal-court scenes, and positively demanded more verisimilitude.

This year there's no drama worthy of the Pulitzer prize. Good. At last the stage is improving.

Typical Typographical Errors

THEY married and lived happily every after.

Student with brains blown out resting comfortable.

All should shave their money these days.

Have you ever taken an infernal bath?

John D. Rockefeller is fond of giving away limes.

One thing must be said about the American woman: when it comes to clothing, she certainly has excellent waste.

When the speech was over, all stood up and gave the candidate three beers.

Darkness

IT takes a ray of light millions of years to strike the earth.

Does Science prove that?
No, Congress.

Education

THE reports that come from college about Eddy and Freddy, the freshmen, usually keep the home fires burning.

To judge from our home-spun politicians, the little red schoolhouse turned out many a little-read pupil.

Population is very dense in parts of America. See what comes from reading tabloids!

If education is the greatest wealth, it appears that most of our youth are idealistic enough to cast their lot among the poor.

Doubtless Europe would cease regarding Americans as uncivilized, if we'd only turn and tomahawk some of the lecturers whom she sends over here to tell us we're barbarians.

The student of today fully respects authority—provided it's his own.

A Flat Rate

SOME folk think that what America at present needs is a Mussolini; and others differ, but only to the extent of maintaining that she could use a couple of Napoleons too.

The sorry truth is that, just now, our country seems to be the victim of the very principle which yesterday made her so self-sufficient: Democracy. A levelling power has swept the land and broken off the individualistic peaks. And although this same force has succeeded, perhaps, in raising the general average of social excellence, it has certainly been fatal to the development of great personalities. What incentive is there for a citizen to raise his head above the popular surface in America, if a democratic brick-bat is bound to descend on it with a thwack! Usually it is only the vulgarian types, of certified thick-skull quality, that are brave—or obtuse—enough to submit to this ordeal: hence the calibre of our political guides, explanatory of most of the messes of trouble in which Columbia currently flounders.

Where all are rulers, there are no rulers at all; and even if there are, nobody is willing to be ruled by them. The American contempt for civil restraint has been too evident to need emphasis; especially in the last decade.

And so, does it not seem that our country, at present, finds itself in the predicament of being all body and no

head? But isn't it time that, nationally, we came to a head? Isn't it time for us to discard the out-worn notion of Democracy as a truncator of citizenry, and accept the system only as a guarantee of equal opportunity for all to cultivate and manifest whatever noble inequalities Nature may have bestowed?

It is. That is, if we really want leaders. There's Democracy enough, if civil position is open to all such as qualify for it. There is doom, if it is not closed to those that don't.

Fruits and Flowers

AH, SWEET it is when fair white hand
Flips flowers from a bower!
But sad the day
When Love turns gray
And hurls a cauliflower.

The plum of Life is smooth and fair
And seems a priceless boon!
But soon it wrinkles,
Shrivels, crinkles;
Oh, then, 'tis but a prune.

Success is a luscious apple
Which makes men cry out, "Mine."
Alas, this apple
For which we grapple
Oft comes prefixed with "pine."

Hard Times Hints

THE wolf's no longer at my door;
No more I'm Fortune's dupe.
I slew the beast the other night
And made him into soup.

No more I feed the animals
With peanuts in the zoo;
But sneak inside a cage myself
And get pea-nutted too.

Friendly Comment

SMEDLEY D. BUTLER: "I know when to keep my mouth shut."—Fortunate. But shouldn't knowledge have at least some little effect on one's actions?

Al Capone: "All's I like is Shakespeare, Shaw and Coward." That's too bad for Shakespeare; but the other two deserve it.

Vannie Higgins: "I'm just a poor lobster fisherman."—Well, yes; a lobster, perhaps. But hardly poor. And a fisherman only in the sense that the business is all wet.

Busy Stock

MY neighbors' name is Wood.
They're far, ah far, from dwindling.
For them I cheer!—
Yes, every year,
They have a little kindling.

Moral

LIVES of gangsters all remind us
We may rear Success on Crime,
And, when killed, can have a funeral
Which, for "class," is quite sublime.

Vital Issues

"THE problem of unemployment," declares James R. Garfield of Cleveland, "cannot be solved by any magic of appropriations from the public treasury." What public treasury? What appropriations? What magic?

"Of immediate concern to the people," says Senator W. Warren Barbour of New Jersey, "is the disgrace to our nation caused by Prohibition." Well, as the colored porter once remarked, Prohibition is better than no drinks at all.

"If a banker locks himself up," observes Otto H. Kahn, "by retaining his own goods, he will very soon be so locked up that his usefulness as a banker will have ceased." May we humbly suggest, then, that the average banker be relieved of the embarrassment of locking himself up and that the local police department do this richly deserved little favor for him?

"Business is going on," asserts Frederick H. Ecker, president of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. "We are pretty near what we will have to consider normal for some time." Help! If this is normalcy, Mahatma Ghandi's sheet is a flock of full dress suits.

"We are going on," insists Mr. Ecker thrillingly. Yes, indeed. But the question is: Where?

Similes

MORE shocking than a live wire on a third rail.

As killing as a slaughter-house in the rush season.

More cheerful than Cheerio talking on sunshine—with a bottle of moonshine, shall we say, beside him.

As sickeningly sweet as a bowl of honey fingered by Beatrice Fairfax.

As dismal as a wolf's howl in the winter of one's purse.

Bigger than the man that G. B. Shaw thinks he is.

Significant as a zero with the rim removed.

Pearls of Practical Wisdom

WHEN speaking in public, reflect the mood of your audience. Look bored.

Hair, finger-nails and lawns should be trimmed, not friends.

Study yourself in the mirror. Everyone, you know, should learn to face facts unflinchingly.

Don't boast of your experiences. How stupid it would be of the oak-tree to wax eloquently proud of the days when it was just a nut!

A gentleman always knows what to do with his hands; but to place them in the nearest individual's pockets is not gentlemanly.

If you can't have polish at the one

end, have it at the other. A shine costs a nickel.

Don't disesteem yourself. It will be eagerly and ably done for you by others.

Express yourself well. Say nothing.

If you want to draw a little interest from the other sex, you must be a man of principal.

Save your money. The museums, these days, would be glad to place it on exhibition.

It Would Be a Better World

IF THOSE that take cold shower baths every morning would be rendered unable to boast about it by freezing to death once in a while.

If parents would take the trouble to consult their children occasionally about everything, including the future of the universe and the impending tax on shoe-strings.

If the rising generation would only realize that the world got along for ages before their rising and conceivably is even capable of enduring an aeon or two after they've gone.

If the mind of Congress would only exceed the mouth.

If Government would only "lay off" the parties and get down to business.

Him and His

A COLLEGE-BOY once had a microbe
And fed it with might and with
main
On air, hot and hotter,
And some fire-water.
It fattened. You see, 'twas his brain.

Definitions

INTERMISSION. The most pleasing part of nine plays out of ten.

Crooning. Audible heart-ache of a radio star, assuring ear-ache to any normal listener-in.

Nudism. The resource of those that believe one can barely get by, these days.

Brains. That which some of our public officials would find it impossible to blow out.

Study. An act which a college-boy is always threatening to commit but of which he generally remains quite guiltless.

Prosperity. That which is just around the corner but can't get any farther, being dead.

Duplex Affection

SHE loves her new car like her husband;
And this is the reason, you know:
She's learned to drive both of them
equally well
And keeps the dear twain on the "go."

Not a Stitch to His Back

IF speak-easies continue to open and banks to close, it's to be feared that soon the only coat Uncle Sam will have will be on his tongue.

THE SIGN POST is our Readers' very own. In it we shall answer all questions concerning Catholic belief and practice and publish communications of general interest. Communications should be as brief as possible. Please give your full name and correct address as evidence of your good faith.

THE SIGN-POST

Questions ■ Answers ■ Communications

Anonymous communications will not be considered. Writers' names will not be published except with their consent. Send us questions and letters. What interests you will very likely interest others, and make this department more interesting and instructive. Address: THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

THREE PERSONALS: TWO GENERALS

(1) *I hope to enter the convent next year. I have the permission of my mother and superiors. Is it wrong for me to leave my mother, who has a tumor, in the care of my two brothers, 22 and 13 years of age, respectively?*
(2) *How can one overcome a habit of sin formed in early childhood? The most serious sins have been overcome, but there still remains a slight tendency to small offenses.* (3) *What can one do when one has promised a certain number of mortifications daily for the rest of her life, if she gets so used to the acts that they are no longer hard to do? What if she forgets once in a while, and lets a day slip by without doing the acts?* (4) *Is it all right to pray to dead relatives, if one is almost certain that they are in Heaven? Will she get any merit from her prayers if they are not?* (5) *When did Jesus say: "Who is my Mother?"*

N. M.

(1) We can see no objection.

(2) By willing it seriously, striving for the opposite virtue, and praying for the grace not to be discouraged if it takes time to acquire it.

(3) The absence of difficulty is a sign of growth in virtue. Inculpable forgetfulness takes away all fault.

(4) Yes. One can pray with the intention that the prayers might relieve their sufferings in Purgatory, if they are not in Heaven.

(5) The occasion of this question is found in St. Matthew, 12:47.

ETERNAL DESTINY OF UNBAPTIZED BOY

Will you please explain why a little unbaptized boy shall not go to Heaven?

T. J. H.

We suppose that you refer to an unbaptized boy who dies in infancy. He cannot enter in Heaven because the only way in which one who has not yet come to the use of reason can be saved is through the Sacrament of Baptism. Christ said: "Unless a man be born again of water and the Holy Ghost, he cannot enter into the kingdom of Heaven." (John 3:5.) We learn from Scripture and the teaching of the Church that baptism of water and the Holy Ghost may be supplied by a baptism of desire, when actual baptism cannot be received. Such a desire is contained in an act of perfect contrition or perfect love of God. But in order to make these acts and supply for the lack of real baptism it is necessary to have the use of reason. Infants not having attained the use of reason, it is impossible for them to make these acts. It is the common Catholic doctrine that infants who die unbaptized will not be punished, but that they will enjoy a natural beatitude free from all suffering and sorrow.

PROFOUNDITY MASS: PRAYING FOR THE DAMNED

(1) *What is a Profoundity Mass? (2) Is it wrong to pray for the souls in Hell?*

TRENTON, N. J.

N. N.

(1) We cannot conceive what you may mean by a Profoundity Mass, unless it be a Mass for the Souls in Purgatory, which in Latin is called a *Missa pro Defunctis* (Mass for the Souls in Purgatory).

(2) It is wrong to pray for the souls in Hell because they have been justly condemned by God, the All Holy

and Just, for their unrepented sins. It is contrary to the order of charity to offer prayers in behalf of those who have left this world in rejection of God. Since they are entirely destitute of charity they cannot be helped; and since their wills are fixed in malice they cannot be changed.

PRIVATE REPLIES

H. K.—The case must be referred to the matrimonial court of the diocese.

A. R. D.—We are sorry, but we cannot assist you further than to suggest that you make known your difficulty to your confessor.

H. S.—Write to The America Press, 461 8th Avenue, New York, N. Y., for "What Shall I Be"? (15 cents). The best advice is to put yourself under the direction of a confessor.

M. E. B.—Sisters of the Visitation are located at Ridge Blvd. & 89th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sisters of Charity at 202 Congress Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. Sisters of the Presentation, 419 West 33rd Street, New York, N. Y. Communicate with the respective Superiors.

PRICES OF BOOKS

Please tell me the prices of "Essays in Order" which was reviewed in the July issue. Where may I obtain "The Divine Romance," by Dr. Sheen?

PITTSBURGH, PA.

M. B.

Essays in Order can be obtained through THE SIGN for \$2.20, postpaid. *The Divine Romance* can be obtained from Our Sunday Visitor, Huntington, Ind., for 20 cents.

THE MEANING OF IHS

What is the meaning of IHS which one finds on so many articles of Catholic devotion?

STONEHAM, MASS.

M. G.

These letters are a Christian monogram of the first three letters of the name of Jesus in Greek. The complete name of Jesus in Greek is IHSOUS.

SERIES ON CANON LAW OF MATRIMONY

Will you kindly inform me whether or not the Series of Canon Law of Marriage running in THE SIGN has appeared in book form?

COHASSET, MASS.

N. M.

It has not yet appeared in book form, but probably will when completed.

SS. BARBARA AND CONSTANCE: LEAVING CONVENT

(1) *Please tell me something of the lives of St. Barbara and St. Constance. (2) A woman was in the convent for twenty-six years. A short time ago she came out and got married. Is this lawful?*

CHICAGO, ILL.

C. J. H.

(1) We copy the following from the Book of Saints: St. Barbara was a popular Saint, both in the Eastern and Western Church. She is looked upon as the Patron Saint of certain dangerous crafts and professions, such as those of fireworks makers, artillerymen, etc. There is no reliable account extant of her life and martyrdom. Some authors contend that she suffered in Nicomedia in Asia Minor under the Emperor Maxentius I, about

235 A. D., while others have it that she was a victim, like so many thousands of other Christians, of the savage cruelty of Galerius, colleague of Diocletian, and that she was done to death at Heliopolis in Egypt as late as 306 A. D. Her feast day is December 4.

St. Constantia (Constance) was the daughter of Constantine the Great. She was healed of a mortal infirmity at the tomb of St. Agnes, where she built a church. After her conversion to Christianity she is said to have lived near the tomb of St. Agnes together with other maidens, and after her death (4th century) she was honored as a Saint. Her feast day is January 28. Another St. Constance is commemorated with St. Felix on September 19. They were martyrs who suffered in the first century of Christianity, in the reign of Nero, at Nocera, a town between Naples and Solerno, where their relics are venerated.

(2) Yes, provided that either her vows ceased, if they were temporary, or were dispensed by the proper ecclesiastical authority, if perpetual.

DEVOTION TO WOUNDED SHOULDER OF CHRIST

Will you kindly advise if there has ever been a particular devotion practised to the Wound on Our Lord's Shoulder, either officially by the Church, or by contemplatives?

SPRINGFIELD, ILL.

This question has been asked several times by our readers. We decided to look into it more thoroughly than heretofore, with the result that we have found that the prayer and indulgence in favor of those who practise devotion to the Wounded Shoulder of Our Lord is apocryphal and false.

In an old Irish prayer book we found the following account of the devotion: St. Bernard, having besought our Lord Jesus Christ to reveal to him the most severe of the hidden sufferings of His bitter Passion, our Redeemer replied: "The pressure of the heavy cross on My lacerated shoulder produced a dreadful wound, which, although so little reflected on by men, because unknown to them, was in fact the most agonizing of My torments. Venerate that Sacred Wound, and be assured that all petitions presented through its merits thou shalt obtain; moreover, I will pardon and forget the sins of all those who for My love shall honor it, bestowing on them My grace and mercy." Beneath the prayer is a note to the effect that Pope Eugenius III, at the earnest request of St. Bernard, granted three thousand years indulgences to all who with contrite heart shall recite the Lord's Prayer and Hail Mary three times in honor of the Wound of the Shoulder of our Blessed Redeemer.

On May 5, 1898, the Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Indulgences, having examined diligently many leaflets which contained extravagant promises and indulgences, decreed that the leaflets submitted to the Sacred Congregation were entirely to be proscribed, and the indulgences annexed to them to be accounted apocryphal and false.

This decision was brought to the attention of Pope Leo XIII by the Cardinal Prefect of the Congregation, and approved by the Pope. The latter commanded that the decision of the Congregation be expedited by means of a General Decree, so that the leaflets which had been examined, and also all those, if any existed, similar to those examined, should be proscribed and condemned as apocryphal and false. Now, among the leaflets examined and condemned was the following: "The Revelation made to St. Bernard of Clairvaux of the unknown and painful Wound of the Shoulder of Our Lord Jesus Christ.

USE OF PAULINE PRIVILEGE

An unbaptized man married a baptized non-Catholic before 1918. The man was later divorced. Can he marry a Catholic girl if he becomes a Catholic? Is he required

to have the written consent of the former wife before he can marry in the Catholic Church? Must both he and his wife have been unbaptized, in order to make his marriage with a Catholic girl possible under the Pauline Privilege?

N. N.

Prior to May 19, 1918, the nullifying impediment of disparity of worship, that is, the impediment existing between a baptized person and an unbaptized person, bound all baptized persons. But since that date the impediment has been restricted to persons baptized in the Catholic Church, or converted to it from heresy or schism. Therefore, if the marriage you speak of was contracted before May 18, 1918, and without a dispensation, it was null and void, but a decision to that effect would have to be rendered by a matrimonial court of the Church.

The Pauline Privilege can be used only when there is question of a marriage which has been contracted in infidelity, that is, between two unbaptized persons, one of whom is converted to Christianity, and the other party refuses to be converted, or at least refuses to live in peace with the converted party. The use of the Pauline Privilege is subject to the provisions of Canon Law. It is not necessary to obtain the written permission of the unconverted party to allow the convert to marry one of the faithful, but he or she must be interrogated in the manner laid down in Canon Law, in order to find out whether or not he or she is willing to be converted, or, if not, is willing to live in peace with the convert. Only on condition that both these alternatives are answered in the negative can the convert proceed to a new marriage with one of the faithful.

CONCERNING FOUR PERSONALITIES

(1) *Are Enid Dinnis, John Gibbons, F. Marion Crawford, and Father Owen Dudley, author of "The Masterful Monk," converts?* (2) *If Father Dudley is not a priest, why is he called Father?* (3) *May I ask the identity of Ig Nikilis?*

BAYSIDE, N. Y.

L. B.

(1) Enid Dinnis and Fr. Owen Dudley are converts to the Church. The others were born in the Faith.

(2) Father Owen Dudley is a priest of The Catholic Missionary Society, London.

(3) Ig Nikilis prefers to remain anonymous.

ST. MARY OF THE CROSS: ST. GERALDINE: ST. DWYN

(1) *Could you tell me something about St. Mary of the Cross? I would like to get a picture of her, if possible.*

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

A. A.

(2) *Is there a St. Geraldine? If so, kindly tell me when her feast day occurs.*

MADISON, ILL.

M. D.

(3) *I read in a Catholic magazine that St. Dwyn was the Patroness of True Lovers. Is this so?*

PITTSBURGH, PA.

A. B.

(1) We have no knowledge of St. Mary of the Cross. Perhaps our correspondent may refer to Sister Mary the Arab. If so, it may be possible to obtain some information about her from the *Ave Maria*. If we are not mistaken, an article on Sister Mary appeared in the above magazine a few years ago.

(2) Geraldine is the English feminine form of Gerald. We have not been able to find a Geraldine listed among the Saints. There are three male Saints of the name Gerald listed in The Book of Saints. The first was an Abbot of Mayo, who died in the 8th century. Feast day March 10. The second was a confessor of Aurillac, who died in the 10th century. Feast day October 13. The third was an Abbot of Bordeaux, who died in the 11th century. Feast day April 5.

(3) The Book of Saints gives the following account of St. Dwynwen (Dwyn): Virgin of the 5th century. A Welsh Saint of the family of Brychan of Brecknock. The

maxim: "Nothing wins hearts like cheerfulness," is attributed to her. After a troubled life she passed away about A. D. 480. Churches dedicated to her are found in Wales and Cornwall.

FRANCISCAN BRANCHES: JOSEPHITE FATHERS

(1) *What are the different branches of the Franciscan Order, and what are the differences between them?* (2) *What is the Third Order Regular of St. Francis? Is it comprised of priests?* (3) *What do the initials F. S. C. and C. S. F. stand for, after a priest's name?* (4) *What are the rules of the Josephite Order?*

BOSTON, MASS.

(1) The Franciscan family has several branches, the most important of which are the Friars Minor, the Conventuals, and the Capuchins. All profess to follow the ideals of St. Francis of Assisi. They differ only in the means of doing so.

(2) The Third Order Regular of St. Francis are religious who live in community, taking simple vows, and who follow a rule in conformity with the spirit of the St. Francis of Assisi.

(3) F. S. C. is the abbreviated title of the Christian Brothers (*Fratres Scholarum Christianorum*.) C. S. F. appears to be the same abbreviation with letters transposed. We do not know of any society of priests with this title.

(4) The Society of St. Joseph is a congregation of priests who labor for the conversion of Negroes. For further information communicate with the V. Rev. Louis B. Pastorelli, S.S.P., Epiphany College, Newburgh, N. Y.

END OF THE WORLD

(1) *I received a book which said that the present days of depression, crime, famine, revolt among nations, floods, etc., are the signs predicted in the Bible of the second coming of Our Lord. Is this true?* (2) *Where could I buy a Catholic Bible; also a book about the second coming of Christ, and the signs which will precede it?*

E. BOSTON, MASS.

(1) We know from the Gospel of St. Matthew that there will be signs that shall precede the second coming of Christ, but we see no reason for thinking that those enumerated are the signs referred to. This question is full of difficulties, and a wise man is very slow to give his opinion.

(2) Try the Catholic Book Stores in Boston. *The End of the World and of Man*, by Rev. Fr. Landslots, O.S.B., treats of the signs heralding the second coming of Christ.

CLOTHES AND TEMPTATION: DEAD WORKS

(1) *Don't you think that the dress of modern girls is one of the causes why men wander from the path of virtue?* (2) *If a person in mortal sin says his prayers, goes to Mass and performs other good works, and afterwards is pardoned his sins, will he recover the merit of his prayers and good works performed while in the state of mortal sin?*

WHITESVILLE, KY.

(1) It is certain that the dress of modern girls and women is very different from what it was fifteen or twenty years ago. That modern feminine dress is not wholly an indifferent matter, but deserving of condemnation, was shown in the decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Council, dated January 12, 1930, and issued with the approval of Pope Pius XI. This decree called to the attention of Catholics the admonition of St. Paul, that women should adorn themselves with modesty and sobriety, and profess godliness with good works. (*I Tim. 9:9, 10.*) With reference to the effects of immodest dress the decree says: "Very often, when occasion arose, the Supreme Pontiff condemned emphatically the immodest fashion of dress adopted by Catholic women and girls,

A. M.

which fashion not only offends the dignity of women and against her adornment, but conduces to the temporal ruin of women and girls, and, what is still worse, to their eternal ruin, miserably dragging down others in their fall."

(2) One of the essential conditions for gaining supernatural merit is that a person be in the state of grace. "Without Me you can do nothing," said Our Lord. It is quite evident that one who is an enemy of God cannot at the same time perform works worthy of supernatural reward. Prayers and works good in themselves, which are performed while in the state of mortal sin, are called *dead works*; that is, they have no supernatural principle of merit in them. Consequently, when a sinner is pardoned and recovers the grace of God his dead works do not become meritorious. But the supernatural merits of good works, which were destroyed by mortal sin, revive after recovering God's friendship, because they were performed while in the state of grace. Such is the common teaching of the Church, based on Holy Scripture. "God is not unjust that He should forget your good works, and the love which you have shown in His name." (*Heb. 6:10.*) The fact that one in mortal sin obtains no supernatural merit from his prayers and good works should be a motive, though not the highest, to reconcile himself to God and recover His friendship.

ASSISTING AT SEVERAL MASSES SIMULTANEOUSLY

(1) *Is it possible to hear several Masses at the same time, and also to get the benefit from them?* (2) *What rules should one follow with regard to kneeling, standing, etc., when several Masses are being celebrated at the same time?*

JERSEY CITY, N. J.

M. J.

(1) It is possible to hear several Masses at the same time and to participate in the fruit of these Masses, provided the necessary conditions are observed. Besides physical presence, one should have due attention and intention. Attention is the application of the mind to what is going on; intention the act of the will uniting one's prayers with the Masses being offered. Every Mass is offered up especially "for all those present."

(2) A problem of this kind arises only on week days, for on Sundays and Holydays in this country only one Mass is celebrated at a certain hour. All present at Mass on Sundays and Holydays can easily conform to the common method of assisting at Low Mass. It is difficult, however, to lay down rules for assisting at several Masses which are offered simultaneously, but which do not progress at the same pace. Much depends upon local custom. If it is the usual thing to follow only the Mass being celebrated at the main altar, there is no difficulty, for the rules of Sunday Mass should be observed. But if this is not the custom, perhaps the best rule to follow is to kneel during all the time of Low Masses, for the only time when the congregation rises at Low Mass, according to the common custom, is when the celebrant enters the sanctuary to begin Mass, and at the two Gospels. These rubrics, however, are not perceptive for the laity, but directive, according to De Herdt (vol. 1, n. 146). Therefore, we think that if their observance would be a cause of distraction to others it would be better for true devotion's sake to remain kneeling during all the time of Low Masses.

COMING LATE TO HOLY MASS

Is coming late to Mass a sin?

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

B. L.

The sinfulness of coming late to Mass depends upon the cause of the lateness and the portion of Mass which is not heard. It seems to be a common but false opinion among many Catholics that, as long as one arrives about the time of the first Gospel, there is no sin in coming late. In order to get the right viewpoint of this obligation it is important to remember that the precept of the Church

to assist at Mass on Sundays and Holydays means that an entire Mass be heard. Such is the common interpretation of theologians. What constitutes a notable omission depends not only upon the length of the part missed, but also upon its dignity and excellence. Of course, when there is a question of sin, the neglect to hear an entire Mass, or a notable portion thereof, always supposes that the omission is culpable. If a person *in culpably* arrives late and misses a notable part of Mass, he does not sin. Nevertheless he is bound to assist at another Mass on that day, if he can do so without too great inconvenience.

It is the common doctrine of the Church that the culpable omission of an entire Mass, or a notable part thereof, is a grave sin. It is also commonly taught that from the beginning of Mass to the Offertory, inclusive, is a notable part of the Mass. Other parts of the Mass which are shorter in duration, but notable by reason of their excellence, are the Consecration and the Communion. The omission of the beginning of Mass to the first Gospel, together with all which follows the Communion, is also considered notable. So, if a Catholic culpably arrived after the Offertory and did not hear another Mass he would sin gravely; or, if he arrived after the first Gospel and left immediately after the Communion, he would also sin gravely.

Many of the faithful console themselves that they fulfill the precept of hearing Mass provided they arrive about the time of the first Gospel and remain until the end. Strictly speaking, they do fulfill the precept substantially, but their lateness, if culpable, is at least a venial sin.

The question of coming late to Mass goes deeper than weighing the relative merits of the various parts of the Mass. It is a question, rather, of one's whole attitude towards the Holy Sacrifice itself. If assistance at it is regarded as a burden, then attendance will be grudging; but if Mass is considered to be what it is in reality—the holiest and most sublime action on earth, the unbloody renewal and re-presentation of the bloody Sacrifice of the Cross—the faithful will not be guilty of coming late, but will be eager to assist from the beginning to the end.

ANOTHER SUPERSTITION

Is it true that if you die on January 18 you will go to Heaven?

N. N.

This is a new one to us. Salvation or damnation, which follow upon death, are not determined by the day of the month, but by the state of the soul. Those who are good shall go into eternal life; those who are wicked, into eternal death. So saith the Athanasian Creed.

GENERAL THANKSGIVINGS

D. F. R., Bayonne, N. J. C. C., Paterson, N. J. Sr. C., Mt. Lebanon, Pa. M. T. K., Batavia, N. Y. M. M., Long Is. City, N. Y. Sr. M. P., Geneva, N. Y. J. C., Youngstown, O. M. S., Louisville, Ky. E. A. K., Belleville, N. J. M. R., Brooklyn, N. Y. C. T. W., Philadelphia, Pa.

THANKSGIVING TO ST. JUDE

M. A. G., Normandy, Mo. J. C. K., Pittsburg, Pa. E. L. K., Maywood, N. J. E. C., New York, N. Y. V. D., New York, N. Y. M. E. B., Baltimore, Md. S. A. H., Walpole, Mass. M. B. C., Chicago, Ill. G. F., East Orange, N. J. J. J. P. O. H., St. Louis, Mo. M. S., Forest Hills, N. Y. M. J. V., Fairfield, Conn. I. C., Brooklyn, N. Y. M. F. Q., Belmont, Mass. T. B., Hackensack, N. J. M. G., Coney Island, N. Y. K. M. G., West Hartford, Conn. B. B., Providence, R. I. V. B., Amityville, N. Y. C. B. F., Cincinnati, O. M. C., West Haven, Conn. J. L. D., Waterbury, Conn. A. F. S., Newton, Mass. E. K., Georgetown, Demerara, British Guiana. M. T., St. Louis, Mo. M. C. G., Beachmont, Mass. C. W., Brooklyn, N. Y. M. W. D., Larchmont Manor, N. Y. L. C. D., Roslyn Dale, Mass. R. A. D., Stoneham, Mass. A. B., Brooklyn, N. Y. L. A. W., Akron, O. E. E. C., Sioux City, Neb. M. F., Indianapolis, Ind. C. W., Brockton, Mass. C.

M'G., New Orleans, La. M. K. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. A. J. L., Buffalo, N. Y. M. McG., Salem, Mass. A. M. H., New Haven, Conn. L. C., Whitestone, N. Y. T. D., Hawley, Pa. J. K., Bronx, N. Y. M. S., Brooklyn, N. Y. D. C., Cleveland, O. H. G. G., Grove Hill, Mass. M. A. O'L., New York, N. Y. M. M., Jersey City, N. J. A. G., New York, N. Y. C. McC., Revere, Mass. M. C., Aurora, Ill. H. C. A., New York, N. Y. U. M., McKeesport, Pa. R. P. O., Erie Pa.

EDITOR'S NOTE—In reply to a number of requests we wish to state that THE SIGN has gotten out a special pamphlet on St. Jude. Besides a sketch of his life, it contains occasional prayers and novena devotions in his honor. Almost every mail brings us notice of favors received through the intercession of this Apostle who had been for centuries styled "Helper in Cases Despaired Of." Copies of the pamphlet are 10c each or 15 for \$1.

FATHER MARK'S APPRECIATION

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

May the Father of orphans be especially good to THE SIGN readers who responded so promptly and generously to my begging letter which appeared in the February issue of your worth while magazine. The amount received nearly covers the cost of the four added rooms.

Will you do the cause of charity the favor of inserting in an early issue also this letter, both as an acknowledgment of your readers' prompt and generous response and to let them know that more of their charity is needed. As the work of adding the rooms went on, it became very plain that the aunt's old home was in such a wretched condition that the wonder is that it did not go to pieces and harm the inmates. To make it safe for life, it had to be reinforced to the extent of being practically rebuilt. Doing so more than doubled the cost; but the doing was really worth while. Now the courageous aunt has a suitable and safe place to house the five orphans and to care for her own five.

Your readers sent, with their offerings, letters so whole-souled that I am confident that they not only approve what has been done but will also provide for the unlooked for outlay and also aid the new aunt-mother of the colored orphans, not forgetting that her own are half-orphans. Hers surely is remarkably courageous generosity!

(Father) MARK MOESLEIN, C. P.

WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA.

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE CATHOLIC PRESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

There will no doubt be general and hearty concurrence among Catholic readers in the opinion of the Precious Blood Father, Albert F. Kaiser of Cleveland, who says in your March number: "I feel proud of our national monthly, THE SIGN."

Most of us feel proud of THE SIGN, which ranks high in cultural content and higher still in reader interest and, above all, does not exploit its singular mission at the expense, much less the discredit, of the Catholic Press.

While concurring in Father Albert's dictum as to THE SIGN, however, and appreciating from my acquaintance with this good priest and his work that his approval is no faint praise, may I not venture to disagree with him in the addendum he offers, namely: "I can see little wisdom in scattering our forces and dissipating them in efforts ranging from college news to diocesan weeklies." I take exception to the reflection Father Kaiser thus makes on the diocesan weeklies. Except in the case of revelation, inspiration and similar Divine guidance, we must build from the bottom up. The diocesan weekly, which keeps Catholics informed of what their neighbors

are doing, what the several pastors are doing, what the different societies are doing right in their midst, is as the daily bread of our Catholic lives.

When a Catholic is indifferent to such information in his own diocese, while he is interested only in some distant Catholic activity or personage, say what you will of him in other respects, he is lacking in a sense of the foundation of Catholic solidarity.

So, I repeat and beg you to reprint what I said as President of the Catholic Press Association of the United States during Catholic Press Month, to wit:

"A Catholic unacquainted with the activities in his diocese is as a man unacquainted with life in his own home; his affections are scattered, his sympathies without root, his loyalties blown about by every wind. Hence, not the home only but parish and diocesan organizations as well, not the laity only but parish and diocesan organizations as well, not the laity only but the clergy likewise, look first of all to the diocesan newspaper in their desire to foster the interests, increase the strength and widen the influence of the Catholic press. The roots of Catholic Action lie here."

"Of equal importance are national Catholic journals and magazines. These, by informing Catholic opinion and extending Catholic influence into ever-widening circles, by spreading Catholic culture in our land and preserving in the life of the nation the distinctive traits which are marks of Christian civilization, exert a power for good that is immeasurable, and for which there is no substitute. The flowering of Catholic Action is found here."

But the roots must be watered and nourished before the flowers can bloom.

BENEDICT ELDER,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

President, Catholic Press Ass'n.

CARDINAL POLE AND THE PAPACY

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On page 481, March issue of **THE SIGN**, you have a communication on "Cardinals and the Papacy" by G. C. Heseltine. I take exception to the following:

"Cardinal Reginald Pole actually received the requisite number of votes in the conclave, when Paul III died in 1549. He asked to be allowed to consider the matter until the next morning, but by then another Cardinal was proposed and elected."

My information is taken from Pastor's "History of the Popes" (German edition, vol. VI, p. 10, *sqq*). The conclave lasted from November 30 until February 8. Cardinal Pole came within one vote of the necessary two-thirds required for election, which was 28 at that stage of the conclave. As explained by Pastor, he received 25 votes; one vote had been promised conditionally, which would make 26. The vote he did not get would make 27; and then he could have cast the 28th vote for himself.

CLAYTON, Mo.

(Rev.) VICTOR STEPKA.

IN A PITTSBURGH PARISH

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your March issue I notice a comment in *Categorica* entitled "No Flowers, Masses Instead," in which the hope is expressed that a precedent may be established whereby Masses may be offered instead of flowers, in the case of the death of a friend or relative. The thought, of course, is highly edifying, but the commentator has evidently missed the point that this practice has been in vogue, at least in this diocese, for some time, and it is not unusual to see the above request made in the newspaper notices of deaths of Catholics hereabouts. The writer is a member of the Church of St. Cyril of Alexandria. Last June the beloved mother of our pastor, Father B. N. Axmacher, passed to her eternal reward. In the notices of her death it was requested that Masses, instead of flowers, be offered, and the response was a total

of close to one hundred fifty Spiritual Bouquet High Masses. Each week, in our church, there are from four to six Spiritual Bouquet Masses offered for the deceased relatives and friends of the faithful and I am sure that this is the custom in all other churches in the diocese.

I trust you will pardon my taking up so much of your time, but here in St. Cyril's we feel that we are especially close to the Passionists and **THE SIGN**. Quite a few of us were boyhood friends and schoolmates of Father Constantine Leech, C. P., of blessed memory.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

W. J. HARRINGTON.

RESOLVED BY PARENTS AND ELDERS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

From divers groups of adults today issues the sad lament: Our young folks are simply impossible! They grow more unmanageable each year. They are loud and discourteous and prone to question everything we, their elders and betters, do or say! A serious indictment indeed.

Let us imagine ourselves a committee, conferred with authority to judge. Our heads are together . . . What is it I hear? Again that excited, incredulous declaration: Our young folks are simply imp. . . . A noxious state of affairs indeed! And may that indignant and baffled expression, beginning to line all senior countenances, lodge there until it teaches the lesson it ought to infuse. Till parents catch a glimpse of their own reflections and come to realize at last that children grow up in their elders' image! And carry those images into effect. After a fashion of their own, of course, which is apt to score a point or so to boot.

Thus it is almost too painfully evident that the absence of taste and refinement is due, as well as the slip-shod and irresponsible habits of those who complain, as to the young barbarians who are their offspring. Order! Order, I say! The committee is adjourned for the time. In conclusion its members, all mothers and fathers, aunts and uncles and others who value the title of adult, must agree to take heed in future to their own manners and morals and speech. And remember that their responsibility never ceases. Nor should they become overpowering. But function instead as good and admirable examples.

BRONX, N. Y.

M. B. M.

ADDRESS FOR REMAILING

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am appealing to readers of your wonderful publication to remail their copies after they are finished reading them, along with any other Catholic printed matter, to Sister Euphrasie, R.G.S., St. Martha's Hospital, Bangalore, India. As there are hundreds of patients there, and a nearby pagan hospital also appeals to her for Catholic reading matter, kind readers who will heed this letter, by remailing their copies of **THE SIGN** and other Catholic reading matter may thereby assist souls in finding the way into the one true Fold.

CHICAGO, ILL.

B. A. M.

GIOVANNI PAPINI AND KATHLEEN NORRIS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

I am writing to ask for your opinion of Giovanni Papini and Kathleen Norris, who, I believe, are Catholic authors. I read Papini's *Life of Christ* and enjoyed it, but his *Life of St. Augustine* disappointed me very much. I am especially anxious to learn something about Kathleen Norris. Despite much favorable comment, her books seem no different from other novels.

ARLINGTON, N. J.

M. G.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Papini's *Life of St. Augustine* was quite uniformly praised. His style is turgid and exaggerated and hence disliked by many. When one remembers the turbulent career which preceded the conversion of the

author to the Church, it is easy to make allowances. We were not prepared to give an opinion about Mrs. Norris' novels. So we decided to approach an unprejudiced authority in the person of Brother Leo, Chancellor of St. Mary's College, Cal., whose book reviews are an excellent feature of *Columbia*. He was kind enough to send us the following: "Mrs. Kathleen Norris in most of her novels has given a faithful depiction of conditions and circumstances in the life she knows. She has never gone much beneath the surface of things, but there can be no doubt that she has presented faithfully the external semblances of persons and places and social background. This is especially true of books like *Saturday's Child*. It does make me a little weary, however, when I hear Mrs. Norris described as a Catholic novelist. I cannot see that anywhere in her books she has utilized or disclosed the Catholic philosophy of life. Her husband, Charles Norris, writes books that are out-and-out pagan, and sometimes local critics say that the Norrises are very shrewd, Charles going after the unbelievers and Kathleen bidding for the favor of the godly."

DEVOTION TO THE HOLY WOUNDS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In your note in the September, 1931, issue about the indulgences having been withdrawn from the ejaculatory prayers to the Holy Wounds you say that it strikes you as strange that devotions must cease because they are no longer indulged. Our people who are interested in gaining all the indulgences they can, having at heart the Church's teaching in regard to Indulgences, naturally will give up the devotion because they have not been taught a higher form of prayer, which, if perfect, may be more pleasing to our Crucified Lord than any indulged prayer. Our Lord made such great promises to the holy and saintly Sister Mary Martha Chambon, of the Visitation Order, that any Catholic with any piety at all, if properly instructed, should realize that these promises excel in every way the indulgences. I hope that Catholics who are devoted to the Wounds of our Crucified Lord will write to their Ordinary and beg him to petition for the restoration of the indulgences formerly granted to this devotion.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

M. J. H.

MR. RIPLEY AND SAINT PATRICK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

In the *SIGN* Post of your February issue you state that Robert Ripley said that St. Patrick was not a Catholic. If the Catholic Church was not called Catholic in the fullest sense at the time Mr. Ripley speaks of, St. Patrick was then and at that time not a Catholic. Ripley further stated that the Saint's natal day was not March 17. In the writer's opinion it is just one more piece of foolishness that Catholics, and in particular Irish Catholics, honor just a day and, as usual, do not make sure of what they are doing or why.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

F. J. SCHICK.

EDITOR'S NOTE: Many persons write us for whose opinion we have slight regard. For Mr. Ripley's and the above correspondent's opinions about St. Patrick and the Irish we have no regard whatever.

THE CAUSE OF LEAKAGE?

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

On looking over the February issue of *THE SIGN* I noticed a letter from Frank Kluemper on page 422, under the caption "Comment and Cause of Leakage." Observation of many years has convinced me that the lack of proper instruction is the answer to his question. When I was young (I am now sixty) it was customary to have a High Mass on Sundays; now there is seldom a High Mass. There is nothing but hurry and talk of money in place of a leisurely and respectful celebration of Mass with a well

prepared sermon for the people. You said that you were anxious to tell the truth about Cardinal Wolsey and Rodrigo Borgia (Alexander VI), so I hope that you put at least some of this letter on the cause of leakage in the Church in the pages of *THE SIGN*.

ST. LOUIS, Mo.

FRANK SIMON.

FOR HEALTH AND HAPPINESS

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

Rev. Albert F. Kaiser, C.P.P.S., has a remarkable essay in *THE SIGN* headed "A Recipe for Health and Happiness" which should be widely circulated in these days of depression and sadness. It begins thus: "Of all the recipes for health and happiness none is so much in constant demand as cheerfulness. Catholics should take the lead in making this world a cheerful one. Why should they be sad, since God showers His choicest gifts upon them? Is not the Catholic Faith our best inheritance? Catholics who go about with long faces harm the Church." The author of this essay says, "We ought always to wear a cheerful mien, whether at work or play, at meal or sleep. Would not non-Catholics be attracted to the Church if they could say 'See how cheerful those Catholics are?'"

May all who read that opportune essay make an attempt to get out of the slough of despondency. St. Francis of Assisi won men and animals with his cheerfulness.

DENTON, Texas. (Rev.) RAYMOND VERNIMONT.

FIRST AMERICAN MISSIONARY TO CHINA

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

My attention has just been called to the fact that in your March issue, page 453, you call the Rt. Rev. John M. Fraser "the first native of North America to become a missionary in China."

May I remind you that this distinction belongs to one who, after laboring in China for seven years, died there some six years before Fr. Fraser departed for that country. A little over a year ago I published a book establishing Fr. Engbring's claim. It received many favorable comments, but by many it was ignored as a "book on the foreign missions." I did find out that "the widespread interest in the foreign missions" was not what it was supposed to be. The Cardinal Hayes Literature Commission did not even consider the book, probably because they believed it did not strike the popular fancy.

CHICAGO, Ill. (Rev.) MARION HABIG, O.F.M.

EDITOR'S NOTE: We are glad to give to Father Engbring the recognition he deserves and to note the Franciscan tradition begun by John of Montecorvino has been continued by an American brother. Incidentally, *Pioneering in China* is an interesting volume. It may be obtained from the *Franciscan Herald*, 1434 West 51st st., Chicago, Ill. Price: \$1.75.

EDITORS AND VAGUE SCIENTIFIC BUNK

EDITOR OF THE SIGN:

"Science Needs a New First Cause" in your March issue will, I am sure, be illuminating to whoever is capable of knowing what it is about. The Scientists aren't and the current philosophers haven't the information. Whoever writes off the contemporary key makes music for himself alone. I've written several articles in quite plain English embellished with local particulars and familiar illustrations, but my friends, the editors, return them—they are too abstract. Yet I'm sure that this is just the time for matter of the kind, and my own editorial hunches have invariably in the past made circulation, yet editors swallow the vague bunk of Jeans, Millikan and Eddington and imagine it means something, whereas, in my opinion, astrophysics is about the most useless information available for a world torn with misunderstanding of the character of human beings.

NEW YORK, N. Y.

JOHN O'HARA COSGRAVE.

A Pilgrimage to Camaldoli

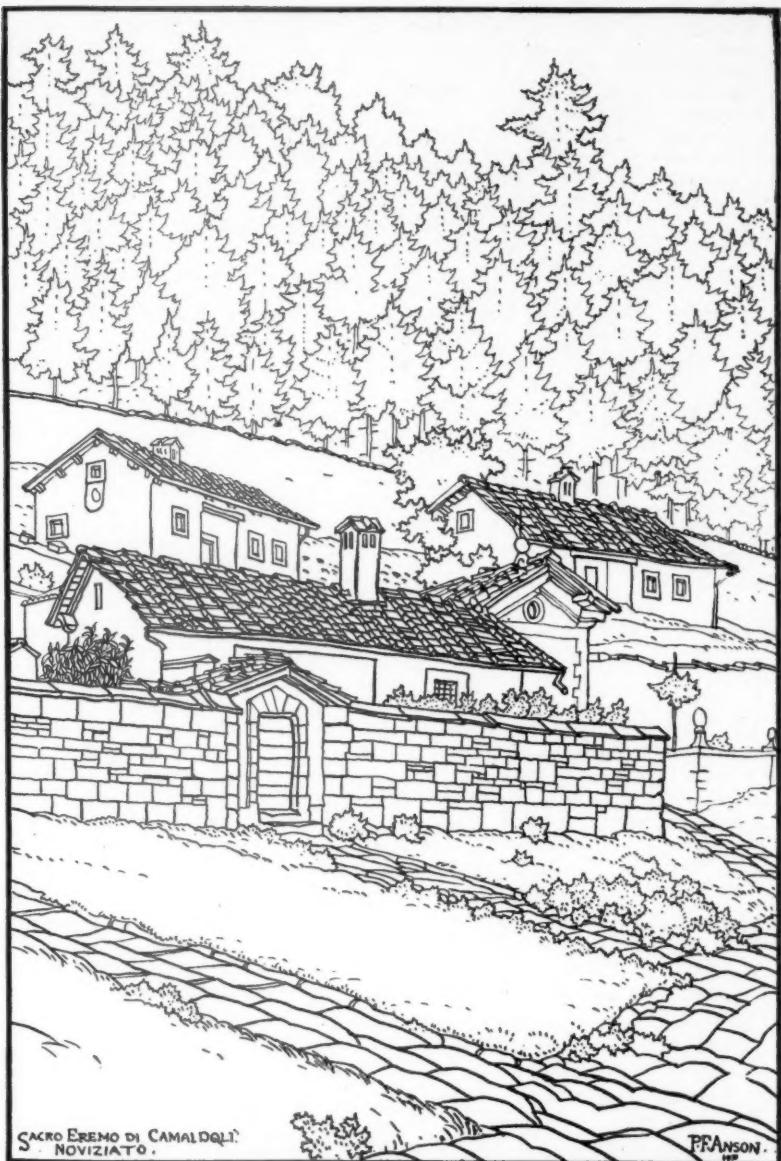
By
**Frederic W.
Saunders**

*Etchings by
Peter F. Anson*

RIIGHT up in the very heart of the Tuscan Apennines, some twenty miles or so to the east of Florence, over four thousand feet above the sea, lies the famous monastery of Camaldoli, founded by St. Romuald in 1012. No more ideal spot could have been chosen as the home of a contemplative community.

The *Sacro Eremo*, or "Holy Hermitage," as the monastery is called, is situated at the far end of a deep valley. The slopes of the adjacent mountains are clothed almost to their summits with dark pine forests, solitary and deserted, although in these days of the ubiquitous motor-car the once silent valley often echoes with the sound of the horn and the harsh changing of gears as the heavily-laden automobiles with their loads of inquisitive tourists and trippers wend their way slowly and painfully up to the famous monastery.

The founder of this hermitage was St. Romuald—"the new John the Baptist"—as Cardinal Baronius describes him. He was born in Ravenna, but critics do not agree as to the exact date. Some maintain that it was in 907: others are convinced that it could not have been before 957. He belonged to an old noble family. His youth seems to have been wild and dissipated. One day he found himself alone in a forest, when hunting. Suddenly there awoke in his soul a desire for the solitary life, a desire which haunted him until his twentieth year, when his father, Sergius, having had some petty disagreement with one of his cousins concerning a matter of family property, came to blows with him.



The Cells of the Novitiate, Camaldoli

A fight ensued, and the cousin was killed. The young Romuald was so horrified at his father's action that he retired to the monastery of St. Apollinare-in-Classe at Ravenna in order to do forty days' penance for his father's sin.

ONE night he had a vision. St. Apollinarus himself appeared in a blaze of light and spoke to him. Romuald now felt no further doubts as to his true vocation. He would break with the world altogether. He asked the abbot of the monastery to clothe him in the Benedictine habit, and after a year's novitiate made his profession. But the community at St. Apollinare seems to have been rather a lax one, or at any rate their

observances were not up to the ideals of Romuald. So he tried to reform his brethren. Very naturally they objected, and if one may believe the story some of them plotted to kill him. Romuald put up with the life in this monastery for three years. He then left, and sought out a certain hermit named Marinus, who gave him a rule of life which should have been quite austere enough to satisfy the penitential zeal of this converted young nobleman.

THREE days a week he ate only bread and water; on other days he added a few vegetables and a little wine to his drink. He recited the whole psalter daily, besides other prayers. The old anchorite did his



The Cell of St. Romuald, Sacro Eremitaggio

best to test Romuald's vocation. He used to lead him out into the pine woods near Ravenna, stop under a tree, and recite twenty psalms. Then he would go on to thirty or forty more trees and continue the psalter. Romuald did not as yet know all the psalms by heart and Marinus would give him a sharp blow on the left ear for every wrong word or other mistake, in order to "accustom him to penances," to quote St. Peter Damian. After a time Romuald lost his hearing, so he begged Marinus to hit him on the right ear instead. The master, thinking that his disciple had been tried enough in this manner, discontinued his chastisements.

Later on the two hermits were joined by three other followers. Romuald, whose zest for penance

could never be satisfied, increased his mortifications, and we are told that for a whole year he lived on nothing but boiled peas, and for three years on wild barley gathered by himself. He would often pass several days without touching food or drink. Suddenly a *wanderlust* seized him and for what reason we know not, about the year 978 he left his fellow hermits and disappeared into Catalonia where he spent another five years. Then we hear of him living a solitary life on one of the islands in the Venetian lagoons. He did not remain there very long, and until 986 he wandered about Italy, finally returning to Ravenna. During these journeys he visited Fonte Avellana, a remote spot in the heart of the Apennines, near Sassofer-

rato, where he found two hermits, to whom he gave a rule of life. Thus came into being the eremitical order of Fonte Avellana.

For a while he settled near Tivoli. We also hear of him at Rome, and at one time he was at Monte Cassino trying to persuade the monks to adopt the hermit life. Some time afterwards he set off for Poland and Istria where he remained for a few years, passing from one group of hermits to another. In 1005 he was back once more in Italy, and found a refuge at Val di Castro in the Apennines, not far from Fabriano. On hearing of the martyrdom of one of his disciples, St. Bruno-Bonifatius of Querfurt, he was filled with a desire to visit Hungary, where the martyr had laboured. But he fell ill on the journey, and went back to rejoin the little band of solitaries at Val di Castro.

IN 1011 or 1012 he paid his first visit to what is now Camaldoli, having been offered a suitable spot in the Casentino, in Tuscany, where he might build a hermitage. The donor, Count Maldolo, is said to have had a dream in which he saw a ladder going up into heaven upon which were a multitude of people dressed in white. Did they symbolize the future Order of Camaldolesi? Whether they did or not Romuald decided to settle in this spot. He was joined by five companions. He ordered a hospice for visitors to be built at Fonte Buono, two miles below the hermitage, and here he placed a monk and three lay brothers. The life of the first hermits at Camaldoli (i.e. *Campus Maldoli*—The field of Maldolo) nine hundred years ago did not differ essentially from that lived there to-day.

Each hermit had his own cell, separate from the others. They kept almost perpetual silence, and observed strict abstinence from flesh meat. Throughout Lent they fasted on bread and water, except on Sundays. Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday during the rest of the year they fasted on bread and water. On Sundays and Thursdays they were allowed a few vegetables. During Lent they never came out of their cells except to recite the Divine Office in church. Women were strictly forbidden to come within a quarter of a mile of the hermitage.

St. Romuald himself did not remain at Camaldoli for more than two years, when he set off again on his wanderings. His first stop was at Sitria, among the mountains near Sassoferato, where he stayed some time, having gathered round him numerous disciples. At that time Sitria seems almost to have rivalled some of the settlements in the Egyptian deserts for the number of its hermits and the terrible austerity of their lives. We read of weird-look-

ing old anchorites who more resembled wild animals than human beings, and who rarely left the caves or rude huts which sheltered them from the rigors of the winter climate in those wind-swept Apennine valleys.

Yet again St. Romuald set off on his travels. He appears to have visited Camaldoli again. Then he returned to Val di Castro, where his last days were spent in the little hermitage which can still be seen there. Here he died on June 19th, 1027. Most historians maintain that he was a hundred and twenty years old, ninety-seven of which had been spent as a wandering hermit.

St. Romuald left no written rule and the constitutions drawn up by Blessed Rudolf for the hermits at Camaldoli thirty years after the saint's death are based on the tradition handed down by Romuald's first disciples. These original constitutions greatly modified the austereities of the hermits. Henceforth fasting was to be dispensed with on Thursdays in Lent and on certain greater feasts. Fish and wine were permitted. The Camaldolesse Order was not formally constituted as such until 1072 when Pope Alexander II issued the Bull "Nulli Fidelium."

The rule of silence was also relaxed on certain days, but was still maintained during Lent and on all Fast-days. On other occasions conversation was permitted from after Conventual Mass to Vespers. Later on, the hospice at Fonte Buono became a separate monastery and again and again during the course of the Middle Ages still further relaxations were introduced into the constitutions. By the 16th century the rule of life at the *Sacro Eremo* had become stabilized into very much the same form as we find it to-day. Its characteristic feature is a blending of the eremitic and coenobitic life. In other words, it is the nearest approach to the original form of Christian monasticism to be found in Western Europe. The rule is that of St. Benedict, to which are added special constitutions relative to the essentially "solitary" character of the life.

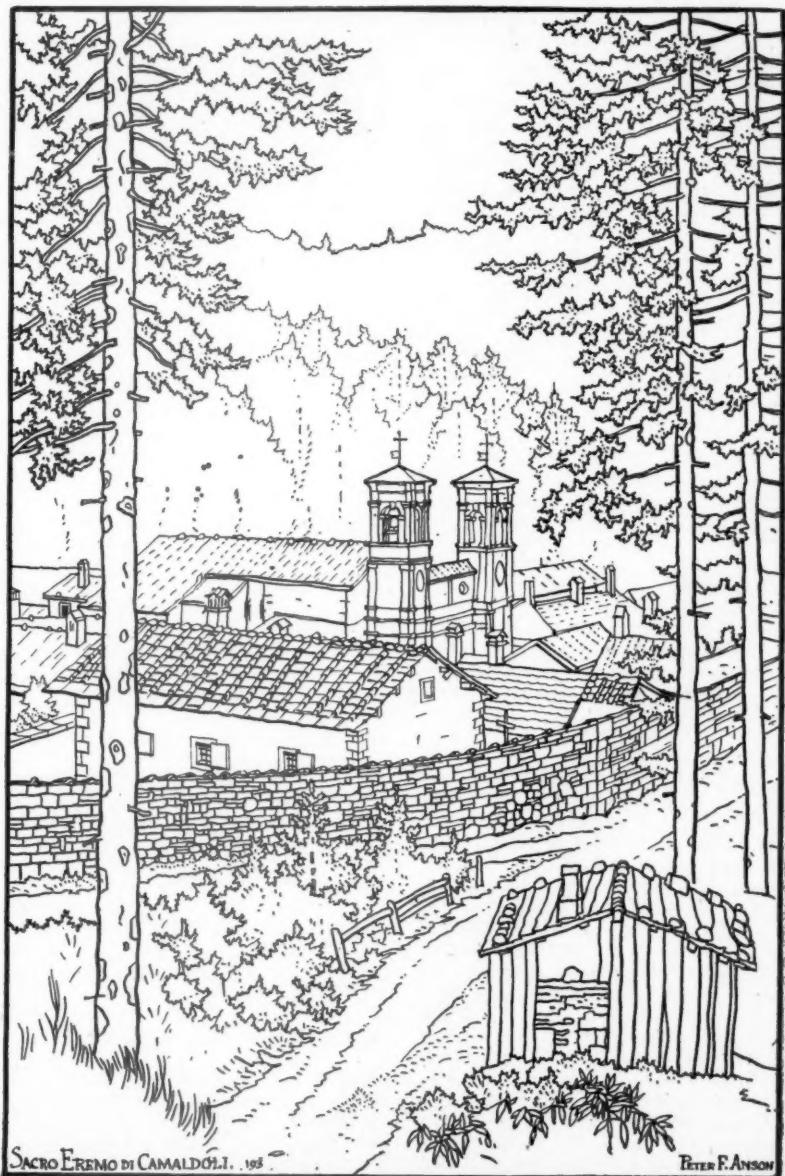
A HIGH wall surrounds the actual enclosure, and within this are the cells of the hermits—some thirty of them—each with its little garden. Close to the entrance itself is a group of buildings which include the "foresteria," or guest-house for men, and the church, adjoining which is another building containing the kitchen, refectory, and lay-brothers' quarters (for the latter do not live in separate quarters like the priests). The cells at Camaldoli can best be described as spacious four-roomed bungalows, as will be seen from drawings. They are arranged in long rows, divided by broad paved paths-

ways. Entering one of the gateways that lead into the gardens—always gay with flowers in the summer-time—one finds oneself before a loggia or porch in which lies a rough log for the hermit to sit on, when the rigor of Camaldoli's mountain climate does not prevent him from spending his solitary recreation out of doors. From the porch one passes into a hall or passage-way, which serves as a place of exercise in winter, when the *Sacro Eremo* is often snow-bound for weeks on end.

THE passage leads into the actual living and sleeping room which contains a bed set into an alcove, an open fireplace, and a small table for

meals, above which is a hatch through which a lay-brother passes the hermit's food. This is carried from the kitchen in a specially-constructed wooden box. Adjoining this room is a tiny study, not much larger than a cupboard, containing a writing-table and book-shelves. On the other side of the living-room is the oratory with an altar and prie-dieu; the walls are decorated with a few pious pictures.

SUCH is the home of a 20th century hermit at Camaldoli. Some of the "bungalows" are larger than others—for instance, that occupied by the Prior—but in plan and general features they have not much to distin-



SACRO EREMO DI CAMALDOLI. 1931

PETER F. ANSON

The Sacro Eremo of Camaldoli

guish them one from the other. The cells of the novitiate are set in an enclosure apart from the others, the entrance to which is always kept locked, the key being kept by the novice-master.

The normal *Horarium*—or daily routine—of the present-day hermit is as follows. At 1:30 a. m. the bells of the campanile rouse him from his slumbers. He rises from his bed, puts on his heavy cloak (all the hermits sleep fully-dressed on a rough straw mattress), and hurries down the stone pathway to the church to take part in the long office of Matins and Lauds, which generally last about an hour and a half. Returning to his cell, the hermit can resume his slumber until 6 a. m., when he is awakened again by the sound of the bell and makes his way to church for Low Mass, Meditation and Prime. On certain days in the year, the prior dispenses them from silence after Prime and the hermits are allowed to visit each other in their cells and discuss any matters of importance.

Their breakfast—if a cup of coffee and a piece of dry bread can be so termed—is the next item on the

horarium. Until 9 o'clock they remain in their cells, when the bell summons them to church for Tierce, Conventional Mass (generally sung) and Sext. This being over they return to their cells and occupy themselves with various kinds of work. This may take the form of gardening, or other manual labor, writing or study, or anything adapted to the capacity of the individual and in keeping with the spirit of the order to which he belongs.

At 11:45 they meet in church to say Nones. Dinner is served at mid-day and is eaten in the solitude of the cell except on about twelve days in the year when the hermits come together in the refectory. Meat is never allowed, but otherwise the food is plentiful and well-cooked. An hour's "siesta" follows, though many of the solitaries devote this time to prayer or study. Vespers are sung at 3:30 in summer, during winter an hour or so later. On days when the rule of silence has been dispensed, the hermits are allowed to go out for a walk in the surrounding forest after Vespers.

About an hour before sunset the hermits assemble in church for the last time for the office of Compline, which is preceded by a short spiritual reading in the chapter-house. After Compline the litany of Our Lady is sung. Then the community return to their cells for the night. They eat their frugal supper and soon afterwards retire to rest until the silence of the night in those lonely mountains is broken by the sound of the bells calling them to begin once more their daily round of spiritual exercises.

The climate at Camaldoll is extremely severe. In winter snowstorms are frequent and on more than one occasion the solitaries have been imprisoned in their cells owing to the paths being blocked with snow-drifts. Sometimes clouds hang over the mountain tops for days on end and the *Sacro Eremo* is shrouded in a damp, clammy mist. Despite its remote situation the *Sacro Eremo* is not so cut off from the outside world as one might imagine. Both the telephone and the electric light are to be found there, and an up-to-date meteorological laboratory.

ALFRED PERCIVAL GRAVES

By
Michael Earls, S.J.

FROM the merely worldly point of view, and only that, it was something to be born in a prosperous non-Catholic household a century ago in Ireland; for, in that mundane affluence, the offspring would have not only material plenty, but the prospects of social and aristocratic satisfactions, and of educational advantages in the arts and sciences. That was the environment, antecedent and consequent, of the late Alfred Percival Graves.

He was born in Dublin in 1846, in those mid-Forties so tragic through famine and exile to the rank and file of the Irish Nation. His father was the Protestant Bishop of Limerick, and his family had long been prominent in literary culture. Though his boyhood school was in the English Lake country, already a region made famous by Wordsworth and Southey and others of the Lake School, Graves spent the intimate portions of his youth among the people of the southwest of Ireland, in sympathetic closeness to their legends and lyrics, their tunes and their thoughts. His higher academic education was obtained at the University of Dublin; and amid those earnest scenes he proved a career of distinction, winning the Double First honors in classics and in English literature and History. His subsequent tenure of positions in the

Home office and as Inspector of Schools did not cause him to lose sight of his gift for poetry and music; and his devotion to Irish music, to the end of his long life, placed him among the foremost in authoritative theories and achievements, even during his residence in England and up to his recent death in Wales.

IT IS in company with Tom Moore that Graves has more than one right to appear. He had not the felicities, the warmth and tenderness which Moore wove like golden threads into his "Melodies," but he gave his rich scholarship and reverent affections to other melodies, more numerous than Moore's, and all hallowed in the great tradition.

His youthful years in southwest Ireland furnished him with the environment of lasting inspirations, and with opportunities to cultivate an understanding heart for Gaelic culture and especially for the na-

tional heritage of melody and song. It is easy to understand that his social and religious antecedents prevented him from an intimate sense and interpretation of those moods and themes in Irish life which live in the white light of the Faith and in the ardent heart of Patriotism. This observation is not advanced to depreciate the sincerity and the scholarship of Graves in his Irish studies and productions: he was an ardent disciple of the Land of Song, a Christian gentleman in every word of those songs which he wrote for the cherished Irish melodies. But proprieties of family doubtless limited his candlelight in the things of the Faith; and the atmosphere of aloofness in the "Castle Party" must have set a soft pedal on his desires to express the words of intense and contemporary Patriotism. The Ireland of the long past was convenient to rehearse in song, as in "The Flight of the Earls" (that melody which some musical critics deem the finest folk-tune in the world) for which Graves wrote,

To other shores across the sea
We speed with spreading sail:
Yet still there lingers on our lee
A phantom Inisfail.
Oh, fear not, fear not, gentle ghost,
Your sons shall turn untrue!
Though fain to fly your lovely coast
They leave their hearts with you.

Had Alfred Percival Graves been of the day of Thomas Davis, also a non-Catholic, and of the earnest group of the *Nation* writers, he would have felt fuller the vital commingling of religion with patriotism; he knew, as reader and thinker, that all true domestic lyrics and ballads and military songs look towards the altar as well as the hearth, *pro aris et focis*. One of the late philosophical critics of Irish literature, Thomas MacDonagh, says in a memorable passage:

"Our ideals, national and religious, are powerful and holy. Such a matter-of-fact politician as Parnell exhorted us to national effort, not in terms of hunger and profit, but in terms of tradition and the sacred gift of the ideal for which we have stood against trampings and settlements these thousand years: 'Keep the fires of the nation burning,' this 'terrible and splendid trust,' this 'heritage of the race of kings,' this service of a nation without a flag, but 'with the lure of God in her eyes,' has endowed some of our poetry with meanings that must be lost to all but those baptized in our national faith."

To the environment of his young years is due his incipient inspirations and his sympathetic devotion to these thoughts and tunes which were characteristically Irish. He was only twenty-seven years of age when he published his "Songs of Killarney." Though some of these pages may be classed as English poetry, pure and simple, the indirect Irish influence is clear in them without an explanatory note of an editor; for instance, the exquisite descriptive poem, "The Beautiful Bay," which is as English in mode and mood as Tennyson's Bugle Song in "The Princess" owes its inspiration, as indeed Tennyson's song did, to the magical scenery of the County Kerry.

SEVEN years later, Graves published "Irish Songs and Ballads;" and this volume went into several editions,—testimony indeed of artistry that was "kindly Irish of the Irish" even among those who, politically and socially, were not kindly to the Irish. And in 1889, selecting from these volumes several lyrics that had won an assured place, he entitled the new collection "Father O'Flynn and other Irish lyrics."

The titular song is probably the best known and the most popular of all the pages by Graves. For the past sixty years it has been a favorite, whenever the singer did adequate respect to its enlivening melody and happy narrative. Naturally in the decades when the buffoonery of "the stage Irishman" pleased the gallery gods and offended the decent dignity of the parterre aisles, there were occasions of umbrage at the beloved song. But it was, and it remains, a

glorious measure of the devoted Irish priests, the *Soggart Aroon*, in those dark days of suffering. And if the Soggart's scholarship and pastoral zeal are merrily mentioned, so, too, and truly, were his social affinities:

And though quite avoldin' all foolish frivolity

Still, at all seasons of innocent jollity,
Where was the play-boy could claim
an equality

At comicality, Father, with you?

Once the Bishop looked grave
at your jest,
Till this remark set him off
with the rest:

"Is it leave gaiety
All to the laity?

Cannot the clergy be Irishmen,
too?"

This wholesome characteristic of the Irish priest in that courageous century was being reverently sung out of many books of lyrics and ballads. The most surviving of the songs of John Banim, written to a thirteenth century musical model, noted the Soggart's unflinching zeal—who came in the winter's night, when the cold blast did bite, and on the earthen floor, knelt by the sick and poor, and Banim, a half century before the Father O'Flynn, added also the true note of gaiety:—

Who on the marriage day,
Soggart aroon,
Made the poor cabin gay,
Soggart aroon,
And did both laugh and sing,
Making our hearts to ring,
At the poor christening,
Soggart aroon!

IN A well-meaning spirit of appreciation, yet one that is superficial, some critics link the songs of Graves with those of Samuel Lover and Charles Lever. There are similarities indeed in some of the light and merry airs, but that is all. Lover and Lever were too fond of the broad, loud laughter of vaudeville; it may be said that they laughed at the Irish people, not with them, that they aimed not primarily to be heard by the true lovers of the Gael, but to be overheard in the music halls of the Sassenach: and certainly the lucrative results that accrued to their efforts and the government positions that added to their temporal prosperity testify to their welcome in England. "I have my doubts about the sincerity of an Irish writer," wrote Father Matthew Russell to me years ago, "when his first praises come from England." Yet, lest the brevity of the foregoing observation be misleading, it is well to emphasize that Lover and Lever—Lover especially—made many songs of genuine Irish soul and temper; if loud laughter is heard with his "Widow Machee" and "Rosy O'More," he solaced the hearts of patience

and courage in "The Angel's Whisper."

In the light and merry measure, on the other hand, which Graves selected for his songs, there is no effort towards ludicrous vanities, no puss-faced "me-ahs" nor "broth-of-a-boy" jiggery. Graves was the academician always, scholar and gentleman, even with "The Limerick Lasses," and "Fan Fitzgerl."

Wirra, wirra! ologone!
Can't ye lave a lad alone,
Till he's proved there's no tradition
left of any other girl!

It is rather in company with Tom Moore that Graves has more than one right to appear. He had not the felicities, the warmth and tenderness which Moore wove like golden threads into his "Melodies," but he gave his rich scholarship and reverent affections to other melodies, more numerous than Moore's, and all hallowed in the great tradition. Surely the collections of his Irish songs, and the co-operation of C. Villiers, Stanford's arrangements, fifty of them untouched by Moore, perpetuate the worthy tradition of the Land of Song. His own scientific annotations will be cherished by the student while there are Percy Graingers and Fritz Kreislers, and Flotows and Mendelssohns before them, to recognize the inspirational themes in the vast libraries of Irish melodies.

IF WE were prophesying the place of Graves in the true tradition of Irish literature, we would unhesitatingly affirm that his name and work will outlast many of those who are reputed high in the chapter called "the Celtic renaissance." Shall we name these Irish unrealists—the Russells and Yeatses and Gregorys and Synges—with their accents on mists instead of actual mysteries, and on pre-Christian myths instead of post-Christian dramas of human realities and Divine sweetness and courage. Alfred Percival Graves for his high endeavors and achievements deserves also a lasting memory for the definite atmosphere of his mind and heart: his profession of that sanity and courage is sufficiently evident in one citation from his essay on that noble Irish post, Sir Samuel Ferguson:

"Ferguson differs from those who regard the poetical life as another world detachable from this—a life mystical, non-human, non-moral—the life, if you will, of faery, demon, or demi-god. These men do not seem able to grasp the fact that the noblest poetic work of all, that of Shakespeare and Dante and the great Greek tragedian, possesses all the elusive glamour of genius and that something besides which makes it human, or, rather, Divine—because it catches and inflames the Divine spark in the human heart, and thereby satisfies and saves."

ON EDUCATING

OUR MASTERS

By
G.K.Chesterton

[THERE is no difficulty about instructing the poor, and, in one sense and in very fair degree, the poor are already instructed. But who is going to instruct the rich? Who will bell the wild-cat of high finance, or draw forth Leviathan with a hook, whose circulation is the largest in the world? Who will go forth against the superb, the starry, the superhuman ignorance of the rich men who control everything today?

How are we even to begin to Educate Our Masters?

THE late Lytton Strachey was to me always rather a mystery; though nobody could mistake him for a mystic. I wallowed, as did all the world, in the wit and style of *Eminent Victorians*, and the special power of picking out a devastating detail; as when he withered all the aesthetic world of Victoria and Albert with the two words, "*tartan linoleum.*"

His Voltairean philosophy did not shock me like flashes of lightning, as it seems to have done some simple persons; for it seems to me as obvious and ordinary as daylight. It is simply insufficient or inadequate; and might be compared to daylight without sunlight.

What puzzles me, to tell the truth, is what his family did with him, or where they had put him, all those years before his first fame at about the age of forty; all those years during which his own surname was identified with everything that is the object of his own satire. What were his relations to the Eminent Victorianism of the old *Spectator*? I can hardly suppose they kept him chained up, or imprisoned him in some cell where he could grow a beard; but still less do I know anything of the manner of his escape.

The late Professor Phillimore (an admirable example of the ripely ironical man, who knew the sunlight as well as the daylight) wrote a Ballade for *The New Witness*, in the brave days, of old, with the refrain, "I wish I had the Spectatorial mind." Among many other exact points of mimicry he seized on the fact that the mind in question delighted in recalling the phrases of politicians whom everybody has forgotten. "Yes—yes—the late Lord Goschen often said." In

the same way, it would certainly recall that the late Lord Sherbrooke, formerly known as Mr. Robert Lowe, after resisting the supposed triumph of democracy to the last ditch, had gloomily fallen back on the cause of Education, saying, "We must educate our Masters."

He was right. But he did not know that he was right. He did not know who were going to be our Masters; nor how uneducated they were. Least of all did he know how hard it would be to educate them. For he did not know how completely they would be our Masters.

For, of course, poor old Lowe had the queer innocent notion that it was the poor who had to be educated. And he knew that he, or other people, would find it perfectly easy to educate the poor; always supposing that the educators were themselves educated; a precaution which has of late been generally overlooked.

BUT supposing, at least, that there is some instruction to be given, there is not the smallest difficulty about giving it, at least to the proletariat, in any Capitalist State. The life of the poor is ruled for them in every respect already; their homes are not their own; their children are not their own; their habits in matters of health or amusement are more and more in the hands of their employers. It is easy enough to stand their children forcibly in rows and serve out knowledge like soup in a soup-kitchen.

The only question is whether you yourself possess the knowledge, especially the most important sort of knowledge, which is to know which things are worth knowing. If you really understand the answer of Aristotle to the anarchists, you can give

the children that. If you only understand the poem entitled, I believe, "What Is the Meaning of Empire Day?" you can give the children that; and you do. But anyhow the children will get whatever you choose to give, for their parents also are children in your hands.

[THERE is no difficulty about instructing the poor, and, in one sense, and in very fair degree, the poor are already instructed. But who is going to instruct the rich? Who will bell the wild-cat of high finance, or draw forth Leviathan with a hook, whose circulation is the largest in the world? Who will go forth against the superb, the starry, the superhuman ignorance of the rich men who control everything today? How are we even to begin to Educate Our Masters?

Millionaires will not stand in a row, to be taught the elements of arithmetic, or logic, or political economy. Newspaper-proprietors cannot be summoned by a bell, from the playground where they are all running about, to come in to class and learn a few ordinary facts of history and geography. We cannot send round an inspector to Park Lane, to ask the man who puts up Candidates and puts in Cabinet Ministers, whether he ever read the first chapters of the History of England. We cannot take the man, whose newspaper may drag us tomorrow into a disastrous war or a disgraceful peace, and set him down to answer (or rather attempt to answer) the examination paper commonly set to a child of twelve.

We cannot even cross-examine the superbly genteel Society journalist, about the difference between the nobs and snobs in his own absurd world; or

find out whether he knows the difference between a Herbert whose name is Herbert and a Fitzherbert whose name is Cohen. These people do not pass even technical tests in their own twopenny trades. Of the great historic experiences that are the guides of human progress they know literally nothing at all.

I saw the other day, in the social impressions of that superbly fashionable, fabulously wealthy, and seemingly miraculously omnipresent Swell, who does the Society column for such a paper, the statement that the Jesuits endangered the Spanish rule in South America by the unique and unlimited cult of cruelty to Red Indians.

Now, what are we to do with a man of that sort? How are we to begin at the beginning of his education, and tell him facts which all Europe knows,

and even the enemies of the Jesuits have admitted? Suppose we started by telling him it is rather sillier than saying that William Penn and the Quakers were the first Protestants to be cruel to Red Indians. But perhaps he has never heard of William Penn either; who knows?

Suppose we began more simply by saying, "Have you ever heard of the Jesuit Republic of Paraguay?" Well, of course, he hasn't; possibly he has never heard of Paraguay, unless he has shares in some oil or rubber connected with it. Does he know that Voltaire, hardly a superstitious slave of the Jesuits, called that Republic a triumph of humanity? Does he know that it anticipated half the Humanitarian and even the Socialist idealism of our day by two hundred years? Of course he does not; for in the next paragraph he will probably be found

talking the same nonsense about the Socialist idealism of our day. Yet this illiterate stuff goes uncontradicted; and may at any moment involve us in some gigantic international muddle or mistake; especially at the moment when the fate of Spain is in the balance, and the Secret Societies he has never heard of have declared war on the Jesuits whom he knows nothing about.

THERE are prigs enough in politics, to tell us that we must not even practice Economy at the expense of Education. They have a cold passion for insisting that little boys must have the lessons they do not like, even if they cannot have the meals they do like. Cannot some of these educationalists solve this tense and terrible problem? Can they not suggest some way of educating the educated?

DOLLARS and the CATHOLIC PRESS

By Mary E. McGill

VARIOUS are the papers appearing in Catholic publications bemoaning lack of Catholic culture and its urgent need. Sundry are the articles written by ardent promoters of Catholic literature, good enough in themselves, but strangely overlooking a certain essential commodity that sets literary talent into productive motion after its awakening. Frequent are the criticisms of the methods of the very few who have a sufficiency of life's necessities to permit them to release their brains to literary consecration and to prevent anxious heart constrictions that tie up mental endeavor. But, alas! seldom is there an airing of one outstanding reason for the much deplored poverty in Catholic literature. No wonder. It is a delicate subject, likewise perilous to the delineator!

It is the exception rather than the usual to find the very rich endowed with great artistic talent. A surfeit of material things seems to stifle other than superficial appreciation. Note carefully "surfeit," which clearly is not synonymous with comfortable or necessary. Manacled by satiation, sumptuous livers do not know the sharp edge of desire. Reasonable deprivation acts contrariwise, whetting the wits as it softens the heart. But the withholding should not extend over too long a period. The strongest grow weary under long-drawn out defeats. Acute distress can murder authentic ability.

The opulent rarely dig to the bot-

tom of the pit of life and disinter its riches and reveal humanity's capacity to suffer, to endure, to hate, to love, to ruthlessly overcome, to utterly surrender, to demand or to sacri-

IN a practical age, reasonable money-mindedness is a necessity.

It is a serious mistake to overlook the part dollars and cents play in the paucity of good Catholic writers, when attempting to allocate Catholic literary shortages.

What encouragement have Catholic writers to anticipate a respectable living from hard-pressed pens? How long before a Catholic writer may bargain for his output, and not be told that he should be willing to produce gratis for the love of God and the love of souls?

Publishers have their battles to fight, too, since they are also faced with poverty. The great Catholic public sadly overlooks the practical element in successful publishing.

fice. It is true, nevertheless, that a certain culture is derived from a favorable environment and a benign opportunity, all of which tends to produce, without great labor, in the

literarily talented rounded paragraphs, polished sentences and a marble finish that from the standpoint of style is a work of art. But in this easily gained culture the essence of literature is too often missing; that is to say, the heart of literature is dormant, and the vitality that vivifies the page into a pulsating entity is not there.

Thus we find that extremes are not desirable nor do they promote the esthetic.

When the Catholic Church supplied religion to all civilized people, when kings and queens, the nobility and men of large means deemed it an honor and a privilege to become the patrons of the mentally gifted, thereby providing such with the leisure essential to finished work, there existed a profound Catholic literature, though universal (superficial) culture could hardly be said to have flourished. Easy publicity was lacking and general access to letters not so prevalent as in our modern times.

THEN came the Reformation. Gradually Europe was dominated by protestants. Church property was greedily confiscated; Catholics were ostracized, penalized and hunted. As these critical years rolled over and over until they aggregated centuries, persecutions and inflexible time robbed Catholics of many of their social rights and cultural opportunities. Defrauded and oppressed, reasonable leisure (not a luxury that would

emasculate both the body and mind of man) was denied them. Those who were inclined to things mental were retarded in production because their bodies were overly fatigued, their minds were harassed, their souls were heavy, and *encouragement*, the great elixir of human activity, was lacking. But this all but moribund condition of Catholic culture is now presenting to our material twentieth century a nascent surprise. If current evidences of fertility are to be permanently insured it is imperative that they be practically sustained. Catholic writers should be justly rewarded for their hard efforts.

IT is a serious mistake to overlook the part dollars and cents play in the paucity of good Catholic writers, when attempting to allocate Catholic literary shortages.

I want to put an oratorical question to our publishers and editors. How in the name of common sense is a Catholic to exist under prevailing honoraria? Given an inherent ambition, some culture, a practical love of the Catholic Church, a desire to consecrate one's energies to Catholic thought and to Catholic action, as both are embraced in Catholic literature, what encouragement have they to anticipate a respectable living from hard-pressed pens?

Another question:

As long as publishers persist in exercising their privilege of holding submissions, *without remuneration, until publication—sometimes two or three years*—what hope has the Catholic writer for strength to further produce? After all, he is human. He must have maintenance. His family is entitled to provident care, if he has one, and even the unmarried have loved ones who need and are entitled to tender thought and practical assistance.

The questioning mind is a reasoning mind. Here is another:

When a story or article is *finally* printed and a check goes forward for—I'm ashamed to reveal how little most Catholic writers receive, so let's leave that as the unknown quantity and proceed—again, in the name of common sense (I would say in the name of God, excepting that I would probably be deemed irreverent by some scrupulous Catholic, though the Creator knows it is a matter of earnest exhortation, petition and unbreakable perseverance!) is there to be no remedy, no improvement in the scale measuring compensation for mental labor?

Are Catholic writers to be restricted to those who have a meager or full competence?

How long, oh, what centuries perhaps are to intervene before a Catholic writer may dare to bargain for his output, and not be told that he should be willing to produce gratis, for the

love of God and the love of souls? Because a practising Catholic's religion is dearer to him than his life in no sense correlates that he is a hermit or a beggar saint—another Labre!

Practical sustenance is needed for aspiring Catholic writers who show talent even though it is in its incipient stage.

A word for the publishers, not as a sop to their wounded feelings, but that I may do justice.

Publishers have their battles to fight, too, since they are also faced with poverty. *The great Catholic public sadly overlooks the practical element in successful publishing.* Publishers likewise must be sustained. Printing presses are not run by angels, who gather the wood-pulp from the forests or gracefully flop down from azure skies and daintily pick up discarded linens and flit to the great mills and gratuitously deposit their gathering, with explicit instructions that the paper is to be shipped to Catholic publishers prepaid and no memo charge made, much less an invoice to follow. Neither do angels supplant Uncle Sam's service. Everything that the publisher uses he pays for in full, excepting the contributions. Unions protect the printing trade and provide a substantial wage scale.

But the debt-pursued publishers can hardly distribute generous recognition to hungry would-be writers when they, too, are in sorry straits. This is not a full exoneration of publishers, however. They should use modern business methods, so far as such methods are honorable, in the acquisition of large subscriptions, *paid*, not promised.

I BELIEVE if each of our leading Catholic publications were to appoint four outstanding territorial representatives—one for the north, one for the south, one for the east and one for the west—and commission these men (or women) to thoroughly canvass every city, town and village, including calls on all of our colleges, high schools, convents and preparatory institutions, that the Catholic press would receive an impetus, even in these hard times, beyond the most optimistic dreams for its promotion. But these territorial representatives should be of good address, keen intelligence and properly financed so that their approach will carry the degree of assurance, dignity and courtesy that would incline the prospect to give respectful attention.

They should believe in the product they present; they should know their religion and be able to impress their listeners with the urgent necessity of an enlightened Catholic public, because in our modern day there are so many insidious attacks on faith and morals and certain slow but nevertheless disintegrating processes, the

most dangerous of which is attempted legislation that, if effected, would put on our statutes laws not only derogatory to the Catholic conscience, but which would be contrary to the principles held by all right-minded Christians, some of which laws being aimed at the source of life and violating nature and others determinedly aimed at Federalized education, which has no less definite object than the complete abolition of private schools, more especially the Catholic ones.

PERSONALLY I find myself interiorly provoked with educated Catholics, who have had every opportunity to keep abreast with the times and who neglect the study and thought necessary to a useful citizenship and to a practical service to their Church. But our Catholic Press is not alone for the privileged class. It is for all Catholic people, and the lowliest need its inspiration.

And in this promotion campaign to the four quarters of our nation there should be nothing but a straight selling talk—the giving of full value for the subscription obtained, but no premiums! I know the weakness of human nature which seeks an immediate return. But in this Catholic Press promotion and educational undertaking premiums would detract from the dignity of the emissary. Let the mental stimulus he gives, the noble personality he radiates, the convictions he leaves on departure, the weekly or monthly he sells to his prospect, constitute the imperishable premium offered.

I believe my suggestion a practical one. It is made entirely free of a hope that I may be assigned a territorial right. This for more reasons than one, but none of my reasons embraces a doubt as to the success of my plan. I am firmly convinced that until the Catholic public has enough Catholic pride to sustain a Catholic literature it is useless to whine about its dearth. Let the publishers acquire capital through large paid-up subscriptions, then let them generously compensate ambitious Catholics who aspire to journalism. In a practical age reasonable money-mindedness is a necessity. Our good Catholic journalists and short-story writers will develop some extraordinarily gifted novelists, biographers, essayists and, we will hope, some first rate historians who will give to the world authentic history and not distorted facts. It takes a very clear mind, a magnanimous soul, to see beyond a bank of prejudices and be big enough to tell the truth and nothing but the truth.

In all human activities the wheat has to be separated from the chaff, and it were a serious thing to discard good grain under the mistaken notion that it is worthless. But I do not be-

lieve Catholic files need to be cleaned out and rid of the pointless material that weakens interest in Catholic output.

If a writer's heart does not surge with a desire to spread its red blood on the page; if a writer's mind does not carry thoughts that forcibly demand birth; if a writer's will is not strong enough to brave public opinion and scatter a message that is believed vital, such a writer would better serve God and humanity behind the plow, over the kitchen sink, in an office, in a shop, on the sea, down in the mines—*anywhere*, above or below, excepting on the printed page. An aching to get one's name before the public is not an inspiration to write. At some time or other most everyone has ached to write, but the pain was not persistent enough to make them forge ahead. Wishes are futile, like good intentions, unless determination forces them to worthy accomplishment.

But, however strong the desire to further Catholic literature, it is next to impossible for writers to develop their talent and give it out while their ears are penetrated by the insistent voice of collectors and their eyes fixed on chattel that is likely to be replevined any moment. Add to these discomforts a scant larder, a knowledge that the several utilities may close about them most any hour, one turning off the gas, another making bone-dry the spigots in his bathroom and kitchen, another rendering dark his electrically-lighted home, still another purposely overlooking his empty milk-bottle and his note—"1/4 lb. of butter, today, please"—at the break of dawn, while his telephone suddenly is drained of its transmitting power, and he is reduced to a state of bewilderment by witnessing his whole material world collapse about him.

THAT paragraph above, I will admit, is not well-rounded, but I believe most any householder will understand what I meant to convey. Is it any wonder that some of our fold who desire to glean comfort in life, to have and to hold, have resorted to certain audacious propaganda, to popular philosophy, to shallow reasoning that they might speedily tickle the fancy of multitudinous light readers, which constitute the majority of the reading public? All they had to do was to break loose from Catholic inhibitions and present evanescent scintillations, like the sparklers that children delight in setting off on the fourth of July. Receipts are prodigious in comparison with the mental pabulum offered to gullible admirers and gratis publicity agents.

This might be considered laughable if it were not serious. The solution: Encourage Catholic writers by giving them something with which to pay

their bills and respectably provide for themselves and their dependents, then station your timekeepers. A successful Catholic literary race may reward the outlay.

In order to discourage the passing of the hat I make the following free-will statement: To date I have never been evicted, the spigots in our home still run water, the Edisons glow, the cooking stove emits its sickening odor of gas when the supply is released, the telephone continues to get me out of my bed in the morning more frequently than I like, Pocahontas is in the coal-bin, and we still contrive three square meals a day. Also our furniture is paid for. But yearly receipts from my articles and stories are not the provenders! And that you may know I practice what I preach we receive each month ten Catholic publications, four weeklies and six monthlies. When the much desired territorial representative hits the Middle West I do hope he will not anticipate a new subscription from me, for I am at my rope's end. But I will be glad to give him some prominent names.

And now I bid you, "my dear read-

er," in true Scott style, a reluctant farewell. It may be my last opportunity to speak with you monologist-fashion, for after this very frank though much needed analysis of one practical cause of Catholic literary sterility, it is possible, indeed quite probable, that I shall find it increasingly difficult to gain admittance to your coveted audience.

I am desolated. In anticipation of my probable literary demise I bequeath to the Catholic reading public my love and best wishes and to all starving writers my heart-felt sympathy and to the many hard-pressed, unsupported Catholic publishers my gratitude for whatever encouragement has been extended to me in the past. My prayer will be that a way may be found to successfully promote Catholic literature to the end that a fine art may be encouraged, that a needed spiritual work may be performed and that a living wage for writers and an adequate return to publishers may be insured.

And may my seeming temporary disloyalty prove to be the truest form of allegiance to the Catholic literary cause.

Via Crucis

By B. Baden

O NCE through an ancient city's narrow street,
A man—a God, in mockery was led;
In anguish too; for all the way He bled,
And dyed the pavements with His naked feet.
His plight, the voices of the mob did greet
With jeers; their looks were sneers. Few tears were shed;
Although some women wept; one wiped His head;
And one, with yearning look, His gaze did meet.
Come to this quiet spot a while with me,
And read the story cut in lasting stone,
Half hidden by the Gothic shadows dim
As if in pity; for they know that He
The Via Crucis often treads alone,
Unheeded in a world redeemed by Him.

WHISPERING WILL

Makes a Medal

By Nicholas Jay

Picture by T. R. Booth

IT WAS impossible not to love Whispering Will. Especially if you were like me, and usually started your Way of the Cross about 8:55½ P. M., when the janitor customarily closed the church for the night at nine.

Whispering Will was the janitor at St. Gabriel's Church, and in spite of his smallness of stature and a hump on his back he was admirably efficient. And even though he often had to wait for me until any other janitor's patience would have been exhausted, Will never complained.

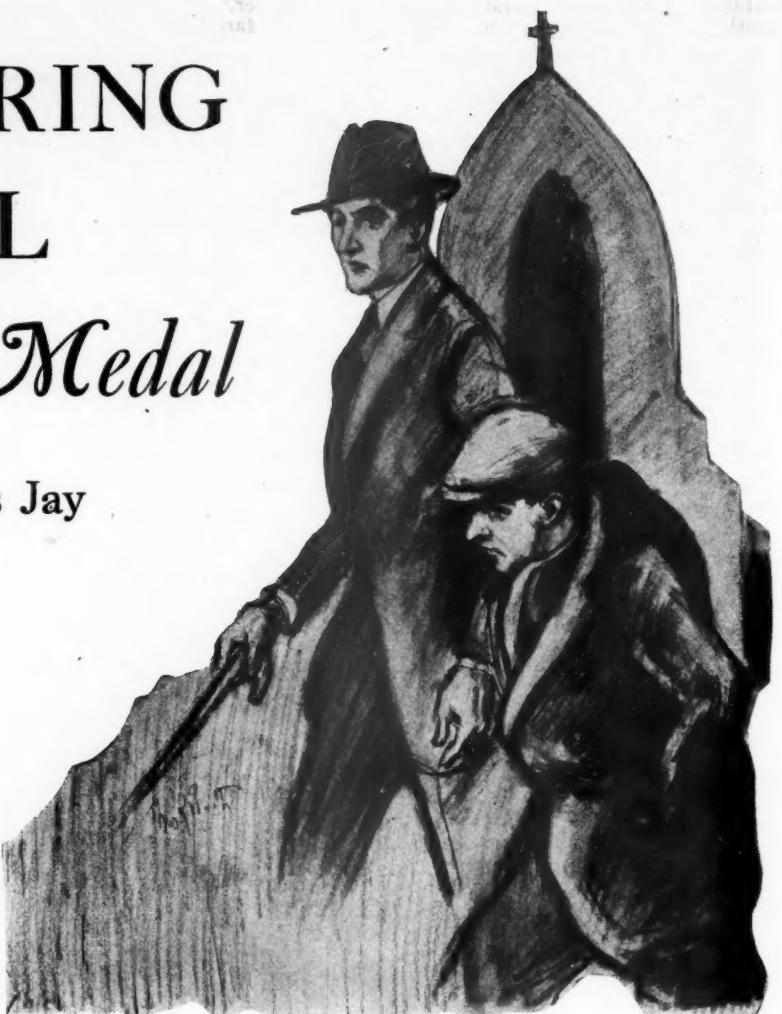
"It does me 'eart good to see anybody makin' the Stations, no matter wot o' the clock," he used to say when I would walk apologetically out the churchyard with him.

Whispering Will was a Cockney, and in a parish whose members are chiefly of Irish blood he came in for a good deal of jocose banter. But he had the patience of Job and Job's astute mind as well. He was more than capable of handling the best wits of the parish.

Sometimes our Will prayed as he worked. It was easy to tell when Whispering Will was praying, for he prayed aloud. I don't mean that he shouted as a Chinese schoolboy is said to recite his lessons: Will whispered. And that, of course, explains the "Whispering."

But nobody knew much else about Will. If anyone really knew who he was or how he happened to come to St. Gabriel's, I never heard it told.

There had been sundry rumors



years before. It was said that Whispering Will had once been a very devil of a man, an underworld rat—a murderer, even. But time passed and revealed nothing. Our ponderings led always but to feeble conjecture.

We would speculate sometimes about Will's hump. If Whispering Will was a reformed criminal, we would wonder, did his having the hump have anything to do with his reformation? Did an accident cause the deformity and turn his mind to the grievousness and folly of his evil ways—if he had ever had any evil ways? If an accident had caused the hump, what accident? If not an accident, did Whispering Will's want of symmetry—

Somebody should have told us, I'm sure you'll agree, to mind our own business—

Why, in desperation, some of us even went so far as to say that Will's hump was caused by his carrying of

the tremendous rosary beads he so frequently prayed on!

I shall never forget the sad look in his habitually happy eyes when I said to him one night, as we were walking out the churchyard:

O Will! Will! I fear that if ever I get into Paradise it will be with pinched heels! I'm always keeping you waiting. I'll be lucky indeed to squeeze through the Golden Gates before good Saint Peter clangs them shut, since I'm forever accomplishing things only at the last possible moment—and even later! I think I'll have to wear one of those famous hair shirts. One of those ought to make me remember to get done at a good hour what is to be done."

WHISPERING WILL didn't reply for a minute. Then:

"I thought o' wearin' a 'air shirt, once," he said, in a mood of reminiscence.

"Is that so?" I asked him, inquisitively.

"I've got a funny skin, though," he went on. "Even red flannel un'er-wear tickles it and makes me laugh. Don't 'urt me at all or make me itch. If I wore a 'air shirt, I'd die laughin', and I don't want to die laughin'. It don't seem sober, like."

At first I was going to laugh myself at what he was saying. But I didn't. There was something poignant about his tone; something profoundly devout.

He looked up at me from beneath the shadow of his hump.

"But a man can do somethin' else," he said, "beside wear a 'air shirt."

"Yes," I agreed, repentantly, positive that he was referring to me, "a man can do something else."

There isn't much more to say about Whispering Will, except that he died.

He died rather suddenly, in the modern manner. When we picked him out of the gutter where a speeding automobile had thrown him, he

hadn't much longer to live. I ran for a priest.

They took him to the hospital. I went along. They took off his clothes—and made a discovery.

They found that Whispering Will's hump wasn't the genuine article. Whispering Will's hump was a thing of leather and lead; something to be worn under a coat.

He turned his eyes to me.

"Blessed, too, it is," he gasped, fitfully.

We saw a hand-sewn leather carrying case. In it was a huge lump of lead, fashioned, crudely but clearly, in the form of a medal. There were words on the medal and symbols. "O Mary Conceived Without Sin, Pray For Us Who Have Recourse To Thee." An image of the Virgin Mother. Two hearts sustaining the impress of pain—one, the torture of thorns; the other, the agony of a piercing sword. You know the medal, I'm sure.

"Been wearin' it on me back for

twelve years," he told us, coughing. "Made it meself. Weighs fifteen pound. Penance, kind of."

Remembering the rumors of his past, I knew what he meant. He must have been, our Will, quite a desperado in the years before he had found God and the Miraculous Lady.

He sighed. The sorrow of many a desecrated year was in that sigh.

"A—man—" he was coughing, painfully, "can—sin—"

Fifteen pounds of leather and lead hung from my hands, as heavy as a dozen years. The remembrance of an evening talk in St. Gabriel's churchyard came into my mind.

"Yes," I murmured, with a catch in my voice that I couldn't control, "and a man can do something else. . . ."

When I looked down Whispering Will was smiling the smile of those who die in consummate joy. She had taken him, the Miraculous Lady of his medal, to ceaseless ecstasy.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS

A SIMPLE DICTIONARY OF CATHOLIC TERMS. By Rev. Thomas J. Brennan, S.T.L. The Text Book Publishing Company, San Francisco, California. 15 cents.

Publications of Catholic origin contain many terms which have either a technical meaning or a special Catholic sense in addition to their usual signification. The average Catholic not infrequently fails to derive full benefit from his reading because he does not fully understand the Catholic language. A dictionary of such terms, explained with brevity, and edited in a form which does not necessitate a price beyond his means, should prove of value. Father Brennan's booklet is a revision of a work which originally appeared in 1904. It embraces a hundred brochure pages of definitions. On the whole, this effort to supply a real need has been successful. To enumerate instances where deficiency or minor error appears would tend to depreciate the general serviceableness of a commendable accomplishment.

THE BOW IN THE CLOUDS. By E. I. Watkin. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.75.

The Bow in the Clouds, of which the sub-title is *An Essay Towards the Integration of Experience*, forms the second volume of the *Essays in Order* series now being published by the Macmillan Company, of which the first was recently reviewed in *THE SIGN*. It is of quite different type from the three essays that preceded it and the four that follow it in the third volume, being rather an exposition of

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a very original kind, of Catholic philosophy, rather than the definite application of Catholic truth to contemporary problems as in the case of its fellows.

Mr. Watkin has taken the rainbow, "The Bow in the Clouds," as an analogy of his exposition, beginning with the ultra-violet rays as symbolic of matter in its most rudimentary form, violet as the physical sciences, and so on through the various colors—blue as metaphysics, yellow as art, etc., on to red, representing religion and ultra-red, mysticism. Mr. Watkin is a scholar and his comments are of great value, while his references are drawn from the most diverse sources and are extremely telling.

Nevertheless, one feels that the symbolism is a trifle strained and that on the whole the book would be at least as well off without the rainbow. There is, for example, no particular reason to regard the violet as the lowest color in the spectrum, indeed the popular feeling is the other way about as may be seen in the fact that the rays beyond violet are always referred to as ultra-violet while those beyond red are generally spoken of as infra-red. However, this is no very serious criticism—one may consider the rainbow in any light one chooses—save that any but the most obvious analogies tend rather to distract the attention.

But Mr. Watkin thinks naturally in figures and the whole work is full of them. It is his characteristic style and gives a lightness of touch that is

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charming. He is not an apologist to compel agreement by force of reason, but an artist to persuade by the beauty of his presentment. On the whole the editor is to be congratulated on choosing such a work for his second volume which forms a break in a series that might be felt as almost too solid a diet by readers of less than the sternest stuff.

SAIN T JOSEPH IN THE LIFE OF CHRIST AND OF THE CHURCH. By Maurice Meschler, S.J. Translated from the German by Andrew P. Ganss, S.J., and edited by Adam C. Ellis, S.J. B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis. \$1.25.

Father Meschler, who as the editor truly remarks, needs no introduction to English readers, has here presented us with an extraordinarily charming outline of the life of Patron of the Universal Church.

We are apt to feel that there is an enormous amount left unsaid about Saint Joseph which our devotion longs to have filled in and this is in a sense true. With what delight would we all welcome the finding of some old record that would reveal to us all the details of that humble, retiring yet purposeful life and recount the daily doings of the Holy Family of which he was the acknowledged head. Yet in another sense we actually possess enough information to reconstruct his life even in the matter of detail in a very satisfactory manner.

While the references to him in the Gospels are relatively brief they are extraordinarily suggestive and these together with tradition and what we know of the general life of the times

provides a sufficient basis for a considerable biography.

It is this that Father Meschler has given us in the first section of his work, while in the second part he has most learnedly traced the influence of its patron upon the development of the Church during the centuries in which our devotion to him has been an ever increasing force.

During recent times writings about Saint Joseph have been increasing and to this literature Father Meschler's contribution is a most welcome addition.

MEDAL STORIES. By the Daughters of Charity, St. Joseph's College, Emmitsburg, Maryland. Brown-Morrison Company, Inc., Lynchburg, Virginia.

This is Book One of what promises to be a very charming series of children's stories collected and retold by the Daughters of Charity of St. Joseph's College at Emmitsburg, Maryland. They are intended for very little folk and there is a directness and simplicity about them that should make a strong appeal to their juvenile readers as well as those older ones who have retained anything of the wonder that so gloriously informs the heart of the child.

As the Reverend Father Code says

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in his Foreword to the Children, one of the best things about these tales is that they are true. They are told of the Saint of God who really lived, for whom miracles were wrought and who accomplished great works for the glory of God and Holy Church. The world is full of wonders today as it has always been and any child is free to become a great saint if he only wills it with sufficient humility and devotion. It may well be that such a little volume as this may speak the first word, give the first impulse to such a vocation.

THE SHADOW OF THE POPE. By Michael Williams. Whittlesey House, McGraw-Hill Book Company, New York and London. \$3.00.

The history of the anti-Catholic movement in America is one that should be familiar to all Americans, and yet to many, perhaps the majority, had been entirely unknown until the extraordinary outbreak of vilification during the late candidacy of Alfred E. Smith for the presidency. Then, indeed, it was forced upon all men's notice, or at least this its latest chapter was so forced, and men who had probably never given two thoughts to the subject of the Church's influence in this country found themselves forced to take sides until indifference was fanned into violent partisanship.

It is this history with the light it throws upon the development of American ideals of religious liberty and upon American thought and American psychology that Mr. Williams has given us in this masterly work with its striking title, *The Shadow of the Pope*. Mr. Williams' great ability as a writer has never shown to greater advantage than here, and he has enriched his work with reprints and reproductions of articles, handbills and posters issued by the divers anti-Catholic organizations from the earliest years of the Republic down to the present.

It is a sad history in many respects, a history of prejudice, ignorance and falsification, yet it by no means lacks a comic side, and as one reads the amazing "exposures" of the cruelty, brutality and general malpractice of the Church one scarcely knows whether to laugh or cry.

The Know Nothings, the A. P. A., the Ku Klux Klan, their branches, subsidiaries and allies have each in its day flung themselves with savage ferocity against the Faith and its professors, and nothing has been too

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vile or too absurd for their purpose. One marvels as he reads how ordinarily intelligent men and women can be taken in by such evident travesties and concludes that the gullibility of the human mind is without limit.

It is not merely with this orgy of absurdity that the author deals, however. He takes up also the more intelligent though mistaken criticism of those who with at least the display of thought hold that Catholic allegiance to the Pope weakens national loyalty.

But Mr. Williams is an optimist. His conclusion is: "Fully accepting the principle and practice of religious liberty, I write my book to prove that in spite of—perhaps in a large measure because of—the tremendous outbreak of religious strife in the 1928 presidential campaign, . . . religious liberty is unimpaired in the United States and is developing toward the fullest possible expression achievable in an imperfect world."

Mr. Williams will find many competent critics to differ from him, but, whatever our opinion, we shall all agree that this volume is one of value.

CONSUMMATA, MARIE-ANTOINETTE DE GEUSER. By Raoul Plus, S.J. Translated by George Baker. Benziger Bros., New York. \$2.75.

To some God gives the grace to influence others to His love, to turn the humble place they occupy into a sort of shrine, to make a fulcrum of humility for the raising of all who come into contact with them to a nobler plane of purpose and activity.

Such an one was Marie-Antoinette de Geuser, who, though she was never able to realize her ambition to live the life of a religious, was permitted to adopt a religious name and was known to her friends sometimes as Marie de la Trinité and sometimes as Consummata.

It was her peculiar genius to turn frustration into victory, and that greatest disappointment of all, her inability to enter the order of her beloved Carmelites, became perhaps her greatest strength. To her, during the course of a very brief life, came the responsibility of caring for a large family of brothers and sisters, and this, together with increasing weakness and ill health, kept her ever from her heart's desire, but her submission to the will of God was perfect, and she yielded to the necessity of playing Martha's lesser part with



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so lovely a grace that she became the advisor and inspiration of priests and doctors, and the brilliant and wise sought her counsel and turned to her as they would to a saint.

The story of this sublime life of renunciation is beautifully told by Father Plus who himself was one of her followers and whose pen draws with charming verisimilitude the picture of the fragile flower which grew to such perfection in the ancient land of Normandy so long a fertile garden of saints.

OUR LADY'S CHOIR. A CONTEMPORARY ANTHOLOGY OF VERSE BY CATHOLIC SISTERS. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Bruce Humphries, Inc. Boston. \$2.50.

The need of an anthology of the poetry written in our times by the devoted women who have renounced the world in order to minister to it has long been felt, and we are grateful to Mr. Braithwaite for the pres-

ent volume and the discrimination he has shown in his selection of the verse to be included.

The highest mood of poetry, as of all the arts, is religious, and this mood is also the most permanent, though some of the more worldly human feelings are prone to dispute it. To the truth of this proposition *Our Lady's Choir* is added testimony, for in an age when the poetic impulse seems at a lower ebb than in almost any preceding time we find here a considerable volume of verse that consistently maintains a high standard both in emotional content and in the matter of form.

The editor's taste is concerned very much with the latter distinction. Indeed, if there be any criticism of the book as a whole, it is, perhaps, that his selections lack something of variety in treatment, although a close adherence to classical models is certainly not a fault to be pressed in this day of exaggerated individualism and inconsiderate experiment in literature.

The interest of the book is increased by a delightful introduction by Ralph Adams Cram written with his usual trenchancy which makes him one of the most effective apologists of the Church living today, as well as one of the most illuminating of critics.

Among so many charming numbers it is difficult to select the best, but perhaps the present writer might be



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bold enough to choose the poems of Sister Mary Angelita, B.V.M., as his favorites, though there are many others that rival them. Such poems as *Beauty Is Never Old* and *To a Poet* are little masterpieces, full as they are of intense feeling yet with the restraint typical of what Matthew Arnold called the grand manner. Then are some perfect gems by Sister M. Madeleva, C.S.C., such as *Knights Errant*, and by Sister Mariella, O.S.B. But it seems ungracious to select a few for mention when there is not one but deserves it. This volume should be very popular.

A CHEERFUL ASCETIC AND OTHER ESSAYS. By James J. Daly, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, New York. \$1.75.

Father James J. Daly's essays have long been well and favorably known to readers of our Catholic periodicals, and his admirers will welcome this collection in book form of his works.

The volume forms one of the *Science and Culture Series* edited by Father Joseph Husslein, S.J., Ph.D., and published by the Bruce Publishing Company, and maintains the high standard already established by the series.

There is something basically sound in Father Daly's philosophy and outlook on life that recommends him to the average man, a soundness that is rarely to be found outside the children of Holy Church. A healthful balance among the factors of life, a freedom from overstressing of one at the expense of other normal elements marks these delightful essays which

revive a literary tradition almost lost among modern writers. Humor and a certain lightness of touch go along with a profound understanding of men, the one correcting the other to the great advantage of the reader.

Father Daly shows this admirable combination in the compass of the first short page of *A Cheerful Ascetic*. He sympathizes with Alexander as against Diogenes in the famous story in which the latter in return for the Conqueror's offer of service asks him only to step out of his light and in the same paragraph gives us the profound reflection: "There is an orgy of pride as well as of the senses; the former is probably the more deadly of the two."

Perhaps the most noteworthy of the essays here contained are the three on Sir Thomas More, which give us a wonderfully graphic and human picture of that great man, but there is none that may not be read with great pleasure and advantage.

THE BLESSED FRIEND OF YOUTH.
BLESSED JOHN BOSCO. By Neil Boyton, S.J. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.00.

Father Boyton has the gift of narrative in an extraordinary degree, and this story of the Blessed John Bosco, Don Bosco, as he is universally known, moves with the easy flow of some delightful romance. To be sure the material lends itself to such treatment, for the life of Don Bosco was a romance of the kind that appeals most strongly to us all, the romance of the humble beginning, the almost insuperable difficulty of achievement

and the triumph that comes at last only through the urging of a great ideal.

The ideal that moved Don Bosco to his great accomplishment was love, the love of boys which caused him to look with a pity not to be denied upon the youngsters whose lot in life had prevented them from advantages of education and proper care, the street urchins and lads of lonely regions whose greatest loss was that they could not come in contact with the all important influence of religion and Holy Church.

How this great motive of love was operative in the life of Don Bosco, himself a poor farmer's son, born in a suburb of Turin; how it caused him to seek after the neglected lambs of his native region and without money or backing other than the grace of God to found the great order of Salesians until at his death he was Superior General over two hundred and fifty houses ministering to the needs of one hundred and thirty thousand children, is the theme of this story which Father Boyton has handled in such masterly wise.

Don Bosco's is a name loved and honored far and wide, and this little volume can only serve to increase the general love for his great and magnanimous nature.

EVOLUTION AND THEOLOGY. By the Reverend Ernest C. Messenger, Ph.D. (Louvain.) The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.

One of the most interesting phenomena in the world today is the counter-attack made by Catholic thought against the scientific philosophy that at present holds so firm a place in the popular mind. To one who has been reared under the influence of the latter the first reaction is likely to be that the former is a strangely artificial thing, that, to use the common phrase, its position is purely academic, that its "feet are not on the ground."

The great work of Father Messenger on the "Problem of Man's Origin" is of a kind that is particularly open to this type of criticism, taking up, as it does, a study of the opinions of the Catholic philosophers and Doctors of the Church from the earliest Christian times, when the knowledge of the material sciences was, to say the least of it, sketchy. It is very difficult for the modern man, more or less familiar with the latest deliverances of these sciences, to take seriously the opinions of men whose science was so limited on such subjects as the origin of man, and yet it is a fact that many of the latest evolutionary theories were foreshadowed by the great thinkers of the early days reasoning from premises that seem so limited.

The great fact that emerges from Father Messenger's scholarly review

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is, of course, that theological and scientific truth are not at war and that the modern assumption that they are and that theology must in the end find itself thrown out of court before the bar of scientific knowledge comes from a too ready acceptance of scientific theory as fact. It is coming to be more evident day by day that the artificiality ascribed to Christian theology is actually to be found in the so-called scientific theories of today.

The modern theorist who can rid himself of certain ingrained habits of mind sufficiently to examine sympathetically the philosophy of past ages, can rid himself of the dogma that truth is the sole possession of the twentieth century, will find that a perusal of Father Messenger's great book will open his eyes to a world of thought that must carry conviction to the most prejudiced.

The counter attack against modern skepticism may make a more general appeal in works of the popular character of Chesterton and Belloc, but to the man who cares to go deeply into the matter the *Evolution and Theology* will carry great weight.

FUN AND PHILOSOPHY. By John Gibbons. Sands and Company, Ltd., London.

Readers of THE SIGN will be familiar with the contents of this recent work of John Gibbons since they are no other than the author's popular "My Card Index on the Loose," which appeared serially in this magazine and are now collected in book form. Unless I am much mistaken, however, familiarity in this case will not breed contempt but rather a firm determination to become the owner of the volume.

Mr. Gibbons, it is understood, made his excursions into these *Curious Corners of Unwritten History* while looking up some more serious but, it may be conjectured, some less exciting subject in the archives of the British Museum. Without casting any doubt upon the value of his principal research, it is probable that this is a case where the by-products take precedence in importance.

Of the literal truth of all the statements contained in the card index, the reviewer would not care to pledge himself too positively, this quite without prejudice to the author's perfect integrity, but then the reviewer has not had the advantage of consulting the records of the British Museum. For instance: Mr. Gibbons begins, appropriately enough, with Adam, who, he states, was precisely

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123 feet 9 inches in height, while his helpmeet, our universal mother, enjoyed the commanding stature of 118 feet 9½ inches. We must bow acceptance, since the British Museum is the authority. Not all the stories are quite as tall as Adam and Eve but there are very few that are not as entertaining and still fewer will be the readers who do not find this gay excursion more than worth while.

With every new contribution Mr. Gibbons is more firmly fixing his position among the brilliant group of English Catholic writers who are today taking the world by storm.

DAMIEN OF MOLOKAI. By Irene Caudwell. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.00.

The name of Father Damien is one to conjure with. There is something about an irrevocable act that appeals universally to the lover of courage and when that act involves almost certain death, the blood is stirred and the pulse quickens as at the voice of trumpets.

So strange are the cross currents of life that but for the illness of another Damien of Molokai had probably never seen the arena of his sacrifice and martyrdom. For it was not Damien who had prepared to go to outlands of the Pacific from his peaceful home in Belgium, but his older brother, also a priest, and assuredly that brother would have gone, not indeed to Molokai, but to that garden spot of the world, Hawaii.

Pamphile de Veuster, Damien's brother, had long dreamed of that garden spot and of the mission to the

innocent children of the South Seas which should be so productive of the saving of souls, but on the very eve of his departure he was stricken with typhus fever and his disappointment and worry seemed to render his recovery impossible, when at this juncture Damien stepped into the breach. It might almost be said that it was more on his brother's account than for any other reason that Damien made his sudden decision, yet that decision coupled with a courage that takes the breath and a tender love of all afflicted ones led on step by step to the sublime sacrifice.

The story is well known in its broad outlines to most of us but in this volume Miss Caudwell has given it in detail and that with a power that insures her of many enthusiastic admirers, for in it she has pictured with an artist's touch, not only the great personality which forms her central theme, but all the strange sequence of events and environments, through which her hero passed from his childhood in the quiet village of Tremeloc to the last dread scene half a world away when the weary old man, amid the poor lepers whom he had given all to comfort, himself a victim of the dread disease, ended his earthly journey and went home to his eternal reward.

The value of the book is further enhanced by the inclusion of Stevenson's great defense of Father Damien, his "Open Letter to the Reverend Dr. Hyde," which in power and perfection of style takes its place alongside the greatest masterpieces of classical invective.

SAIN AUGUSTINE. By Heinrich Hubert Lesaar. Translated from the German by T. Pope Arkell. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$2.70.

The story of Saint Augustine's life, no less than his compelling personality and an intellect that ranks among the greatest in history, have made him perhaps the most popular of the Doctors of the Church.

With a pagan father and a Christian mother, the youth of the man was moulded by the environment and ideals, or lack of them, presented by the loose society of which his father was a member. Everyone knows how he plunged into many excesses, though a certain natural dignity prevented him from reaching the limit of degradation, and how, largely through the tears and prayers of his saintly mother, his conversion was effected and he embarked on the career that made him one of the greatest figures in formative period of the Church.

This thrilling story is admirably told by Heinrich Hubert Lesaar in this new volume, *Saint Augustine*, which has been translated from the German by T. Pope Arkell, but more than this the author has given us a vivid picture of the troublous times in which the Saint lived and worked, a picture that transports us back in fancy so that we feel that we are ourselves concerned in those momentous movements and critical problems when the early Church was making good its position in the vast pagan world.

The only fault that might be urged against the work is a lack of proportion among the events, those of paramount importance being given something less prominence than is their due. But, after all, this is probably how it seemed to the actual participants in the great drama of Augustine's life. To them, so close to the events, the relative importance of one over another was not so apparent as to us who may view it in perspective. In any event the story moves smoothly on in a manner that makes excellent reading and from it emerge the great figures of the period in lineaments true to life.

FROM DUSK TO DAWN. By the Reverend P. R. McCaffrey, O. Carm. Benziger Brothers, New York. \$3.00.

There have recently appeared a number of accounts of the various orders of nuns that have made religious history in this country and to these is now added a new volume dealing with the Sisters of St. Joseph of Newark, New Jersey.

With scarcely an exception these accounts deal with difficulties of the most discouraging nature that hampered and almost stultified the undertaking and which were yet over-

come by the most heroic courage that led to victory in the end.

But surely none of the other orders thus begun and carried through met with quite the same discouragement as did the Sisters of St. Joseph, none of the others were actually abandoned by their own founder.

Of course the congregation now existing is in name not quite the same as the older congregation that preceded it, yet it is the same in purpose and those who first put it on its present basis of successful service were the same devoted women who had been so cruelly deserted.

The story is a curious one, containing elements of devotion and personal pride on the part of the extraordinary woman who first called into being the great enterprise, but with her disappearance from the scene, the pride disappears with her and only the devotion is left. It is exceedingly interesting to note that although unusual intelligence and capability were the possession of the talented Foundress, it was not to these but to the more simple virtues of her successors that real achievement was vouchsafed.

CATHOLIC COLONIAL MARYLAND. By the Reverend H. S. Spalding, S. J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Milwaukee. \$2.50.

As the only one of the American colonies founded by a Catholic and in which Catholics enjoyed the right to freely worship, Maryland occupies a unique position in the colonial period in this country. But the signal eminence of its position was not due so much to this fact as that broad tolerance which meted out to others the same freedom as those in authority claimed for themselves.

It may be truly said that religious liberty which has been the proud boast of America here had its birth in so far as this country is concerned and in this it is indeed unique.

There are few more interesting chapters in the absorbing story of the factors leading up to the establishing of the great republic of the New World than that which recounts the founding and development of Maryland and which traces back that growth and development to the extraordinary character and foresight of George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore. It was his prevision, admirably carried out by his first descendants, that secured the charter that made possible the establishing of a land where all men were free in this the most important aspect of their lives in an age when religious toleration was at its lowest ebb.

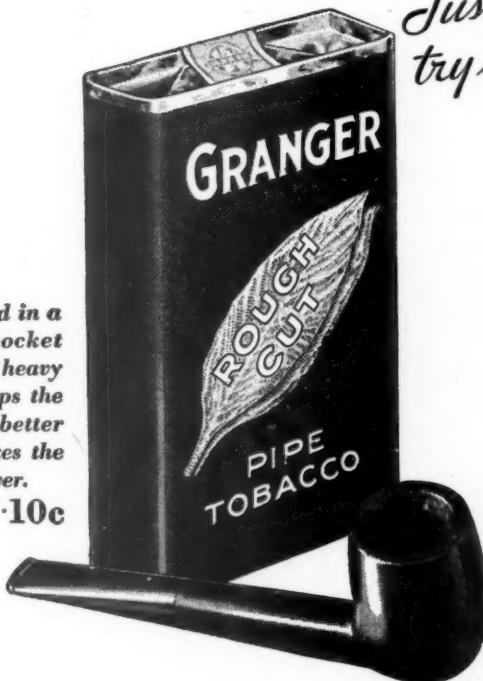
Father Spalding has done his work with great skill and his story is a valuable contribution to American history.



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The Methods: No set form of prayers is prescribed. The kind of prayers said and the number of them is left to the inclination and zeal of every individual member. In saying these prayers, however, one should have the general intention, at least, of offering them for the spread of Christ's Kingdom in China.

Membership: The membership is not restricted to any class. Men, women and children not only may join Gemma's League but are urged to do so. We are glad to announce that in our membership we have many priests, both secular and regular, as well as many members of various Religious Orders. "The Spiritual Treasury," printed every month on this page, shows the interest taken by our members in this campaign of united prayer.

Obligations: It should never be forgotten that Gemma's League is a strictly *spiritual society*. While, of course, a great deal of money is needed for the support of our Passionist missions in China, and while many members of the League are generous in their regular money con-



GEMMA GALGANI

tributions to the missions, nevertheless members of the League are never asked for financial aid. There are not even any dues required of members, though a small offering to pay the expense of printing the monthly leaflet is expected.

The Reward: One who helps the spread of Christ's Kingdom on earth is hardly looking for any reward. We feel that the members of Gemma's League are satisfied with the knowledge that Almighty God knows their love for Him and knows also how to reward them for the practical display of their love! However, our members cannot be unaware that their very zeal must bring God's special blessings on themselves, their families and friends. Besides, they will surely merit the reward of an apostle for their spiritual works of mercy.

The Patron: Gemma Galgani, the White Passion Flower of Lucca, Italy, is the patron of the League. Born in 1878, she died in 1903. Her life was characterized by a singular devotion to the Sacred Passion of Our Blessed Lord. Denied the privilege of entering the Religious Life, she sanctified herself in the world, in the midst of ordinary household duties, and by her prayers and sufferings did much for the salvation of souls. Her "cause" has been introduced and we hope soon to call her Blessed Gemma.

Headquarters: All requests for leaflets, and all correspondence relating to Gemma's League should be addressed to the Reverend Director, Gemma's League, care of THE SIGN, Union City, New Jersey.

* * * * * "Restrain Not Grace From The Dead." (Eci. 7, 39.) * * * * *

KINDLY remember in your prayers and good works the following recently deceased relatives and friends of our subscribers:

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JOHN E. DINGES, SR.
ANNA KELLY
EMMA KELLY
ELLEN MAHONEY
ELIZABETH RATT
EDWARD ASH
ELIZABETH F. YOUNG
MARY FOLEY MELLETT
LEO SONYA
WILLIAM M. COLLINS
MARY A. GRADY
MARY G. STATION
WILLIAM J. RISTON
CATHERINE LACHOWIA
CATHERINE MARTINEAU
BRIDGET HURLEY
ROSE McSHERRY
CATHERINE ANNE SATTERFIELD
MARY E. CARR
MARY DONNELLY
THOMAS F. CULLEN
PATRICK J. CULLEN
J. A. RATHERS
MARJORIE M. CONNORS
JOSEPH McNAMARA
MARY WHITE
CASSIE PHelan
MANIE KRITTMATTER
ELIA EAGAN
MRS. BUCLEY
MARGARET TAAFFE
MARGARET L. WOODS
EDWARD E. DUNN
SARAH DONAHUE
MRS. WM. H. BOHMAN

WILLIAM H. MASTERTON, JR.
ANNA MC GUIRE
EUPHEMIA REH
PATRICK MASON
JAMES F. CALLAN
JEREMIAH McNAMARA
GEORGE A. SWEENEY
PATRICK J. McCormick
MARY DONOHUE
MATHILDA FRANZ
JOSEPH M. LANE
MR. PRENDAGAST
ELLEN KELLY
FRANK MC GUIRE
JOHN HURLEY
MARY HURLEY
ELIZABETH HURLEY
J. W. MASON
CATHERINE A. FAGAN
H. M. RICH
MARGARET NEVINS
DORA BRENNAN
BRIDGET CORCORAN
ARTHUR LAKE O'BRIEN
JAMES A. WHITE
MARY ELLEN WISE
PATRICK CURRAN

MAY their souls and the souls of all the faithful departed through the mercy of God rest in peace. Amen.

THE PASSIONISTS IN CHINA



RESTLESS GHOSTS and PAGAN CHARMS

By DUNSTAN THOMAS, C.P.

TURNING the corner of one of Liu Lin Cha's few streets I almost bumped into a well-dressed gentleman. We bowed away with mutual apologies. As we passed out of earshot of each other I remarked to my catechist, "Strange, Joseph, isn't it? There was blood on that man's forehead, yet I am sure he was not cut in any way."

"Just another trick of the devil to deceive our poor people," replied my catechist. "That is chicken's blood which that gentleman has smeared on his forehead to chase away the evil spirit."

So we literally bump into pagan practices. Bewildering in number are the superstitions that permeate Chinese life. The booming of a temple drum through the silent night, a burst of firecrackers at a wayside shrine, a wisp of smoke curling up from burned paper, glowing incense sticks wedged in a crack on a sampan; these are daily evidences of the paganism I see practised on all sides.

A few weeks ago I was called to assist a dying Christian in a mountain village. One of the country folk, who heard we were returning to Liu Lin Cha the following morning, said he would accompany us since he had business in town. We were up early, waited a while, but since our farmer acquaintance did not put in an appearance we started off. Not long afterwards I met him on the street and asked him why he had not accompanied us. He replied that he could not come because of unforeseen and urgent business. I learned later that the village soothsayer had strongly urged him not to go because that was an unlucky day for his particular affair.

This superstition of selecting lucky days is still widespread in these parts. Though not recognized by the government, the old Imperial Almanac with its designation of lucky and un-

lucky days, is consulted by great numbers of the people. Taking advantage of the credulity of so many simple people, certain men with a smattering of education set themselves up as experts in the selection of these lucky days. At street corners, at city gates, on market days in small villages one comes across these impostors who, for a sum, are telling people when to build, when to

buy, when to dig a well or arrange a marriage ceremony.

Happily we may draw from Chinese sources the refutation of this superstition. How often have I pointed out to these gullible people that government officials take no notice of supposedly unlucky days in assigning dates for most important affairs. I have asked these pagans to observe that although several persons begin to build the same day, or enter on business at the same time, or that several couples are married on the same date, yet some meet with misfortune and others prosper, some enjoy happiness while others eat bitterness, some die young and others attain to old age. So are the confident predictions of these bold soothsayers proven false.

As far back as the eighth century Chen Yen, a president of the Imperial College, undertook to refute this belief. "In ancient times," he writes, "rulers selected days for offering sacrifices and for commencing hostilities against an enemy. This was done to give the officials time to rehearse the ceremonies or to make necessary preparations. Gradually ignorant folks, without examining these reasons, selected, as each one pleased, auspicious days. Through carelessness this innovation extended with rapidity.

"In the great cities we see wagons and pack-animals going to and fro; wares are exposed; trading continues. Disputes occur, but these are due not to the days but to the people themselves. Who ever imagines that an incompetent general will win a battle if he chooses an auspicious day? Will the farmer who has chosen a lucky day, but neglects to plow his field or sows therein bad grain, reap an abundant harvest?" I have found that this quoting of their own authorities makes an impression where my own words, though expressing the



Father Francis Flaherty, C.P., is in charge of the village and surrounding country of Wuki. His many duties keep him occupied in his own district. But on his occasional visits to the central mission at Shenchow he always spends some time with the orphans. From their happy smiles here it is evident that he is well liked by these Chinese children.

very same arguments, carried little weight.

Some nights while I am reading the quiet is interrupted by a burst of firecrackers. This salvo might be for one of many reasons. "Strange hour to be butchering," my Mass-server probably remarks after looking down the street. And I know some one is attempting to propitiate the spirit of an animal that has just been killed for food.

LAST New Year we had killed for us the fatted pig that was to supply our table with fresh meat during the holidays, since at that time no shop is open for two weeks. The butcher came to us and asked for the usual offering of firecrackers in honor of the spirit of the slaughtered animal. The cook told him he need not trouble about it since the priest did not believe in such things. The butcher was surprised at this lack of belief. He thought for a moment, then ran off to a store near-by and himself bought the firecrackers and paper money for the spirit of the pig.

On board boats both paper money and firecrackers are often used. Just across from my mission is a dangerous rapid in the Yuan River. I can look out of my window and see the boats passing by, pulled by hardy trackers. Sometimes it takes more than an hour for the men to get their craft through safely. Now and then a bamboo rope breaks and the boat slips back while two or three of the crew on board struggle to keep it from

smashing on the rocks. Then is there shouting and confusion. Should the boat break away a second time one of the trackers shouts: "There is a spirit! There is a spirit!"

Often one of the boatmen labors up the cliff to a small temple that overlooks the rapids. Crossing the threshold, this sturdy riverman prostrates on the earth before an idol to ask for help and a safe passage through the dangerous waters. Below, from the boat itself, flaming paper money offered to the spirits floats down to the churning rapids. If one of us is aboard we are likely to tell the crew that there is no water spirit at all. Once, in getting through the rapids I grew impatient when I heard the boatmen, who were frantic because the pullers were making no headway, say that a spirit in the water was hindering them.

"Nonsense," I remarked. "There is no evil spirit here. It is simply the strong current that is keeping your men back. You should have hired more trackers to pull us through these fast waters." The old captain of the crew gave me a pitying look as if to say: "What ignorance! Well, I suppose you don't know any better."

THE water spirits, by the way, must be late sleepers. Anyhow, on board the river craft, an unusual quiet prevails in the early hours of the day. Many words such as "death," "wrecked," "drowned," "ruined," are taboo. Woe to the individual, native or westerner, who so far forgets him-

self as to mention such words! I have known boatmen who have heard such words early in the morning not only to delay their starting, but even to cancel all operations for the day.

NOISE plays an important part in sending these malign spirits scampering to their homes. The droning of pagan priests at funeral rites in a private house is punctuated by the clash of cymbals. Down through our little valley at night come the dull reverberations of temple drums that are struck with monotonous regularity. Gongs clang with startling resonance from unexpected quarters and one knows that the bonzes are near. To the piercing music of weird-voiced horns a funeral procession straggles by on its way to a site that some soothsayer has selected. There is wailing too in the funeral procession, sometimes the weeping of real sorrow, but often the affected lamentations of relatives or the keening of hired mourners.

A woman, a near neighbor of ours, cried with such vehemence after the death of her husband that I remarked to the catechist that she must have been deeply grieved. "Sorry!" he laughed. "Why should she be sorry? Don't you remember how he used to beat her? But she does have to pretend grief for appearance sake. Her lips cry, but her heart does not mourn."

Yet, whether their departed is missed or not the death and the



Four stones, engraved with symbols of the priesthood and of the Passion, now mark the grave mounds of our four missionaries who were buried one morning in our cemetery at Shenchow, Hunan. From a hill near Hwa Chiao were brought the bodies of Fathers Godfrey Holbein, Clement Seybold and Walter Covey, C. P., who had been murdered by bandits on April 24, 1929. From the city of Yungshun came the remains of Father Constantine Leech, C. P., who, two days later, had died of typhoid. Their solemn funeral was held at our central mission. Though three years have passed since the bodies of those four young priests were laid away in their graves, their fellow-missionaries and the Catholics of western Hunan have not forgotten them. Indeed the Passionists in China, and the Sisters who are laboring in the same field with them, now feel that they are bound anew to the soil of China by a sacred consecration.



Noise plays an important part in sending malign spirits scampering to their unseen haunts. Here are weird-voiced horns being blown beside a coffin. Death and burial rites set in motion so many superstitious practices that the mere mention of them runs into a long list. That pagans believe these is clear, for the Chinese, who are too practical and too poor to squander money on what they consider useless, are never niggardly to their dead.

funeral rites of a pagan set in motion so many superstitious practices that it is difficult even to list them. They are concerned with the dying person's last moments, his garments, and the manner of putting these on him. The food-jar at the deceased person's head, the "lamp of the corpse," the funeral sign and the announcement of the death at the pagoda of the village god: all these arrangements are carried out when possible.

Food is prepared for the departed spirit, and money given for his needs in the next life. On proper burial and on the supply of comforts at death and at fixed times thereafter depends the happiness of the deceased. Bonzes are called for the ceremony of "passing the bridge," and geomancers for the selection of a burial site. Nothing is purposely overlooked for as the old saying runs, "The most important thing in life or death is to get buried well." The preparations that precede the actual burial vary in elaborateness according to the means of the bereaved family. On the amount of cash the family can raise depends the number of paper-made articles that will be burned for the use of the departed, as well as the number of bonzes who will be invited for ceremonies.

To the volleys of firecrackers the funeral procession starts off. The heavy coffin is lifted while the eldest son, who is dressed in hempen sack-cloth, holds in front of it a fragile flag. This pennant, made from a

stalk or sorghum to which a strip of white paper has been tied, is later planted on the tomb. The mourners are dressed in white and lean on their staffs. Carried before them are the paper images of soldiers, chairs, furniture—all that is to be sent into the next world for the service of the departed. If the family is wealthy there are scrolls and several "myriad named umbrellas." At the burial site the canopy is taken off, the coffin is buried and the sons prostrate before the tomb.

Nor is the deceased forgotten after sepulture. A wooden tablet has been inscribed to the departed that one of his trinity of souls may there find peace. Before this tablet the members of the family "kowtow" or worship for forty-nine days. Candles burn and food is placed before it. At a later date the tablet goes to the family shrine to be worshipped only on special days of ancestral observance. Every seventh day for seven weeks is also an occasion for ceremonies for the deceased. Priests are called, Buddhist or Taoist, to perform the rites.

WHY all these ceremonies? Why the detailed effort on the part of the living themselves to appease evil ghosts, and the elaborate ritual to insure peace in the spirit world for their departed? I think the simplest answer is that the Chinese really believe in these myriad malign spirits and evil influences. Though the very mention of death and ghosts is studiously avoided on most occasions,

yet these subjects greatly occupy the minds of the people. True, many of the better educated know that Buddhism and Taoism have added to ancient beliefs the highly-colored and sometimes contradictory imaginings of dreamers and impostors. Some pagan Chinese will even quote book and text of their own authors in refutation of these superstitions.

BUT if misfortune falls on their home, these same persons will rack their memories to recall if the ancestors have been offended. Have the incense sticks been burned? Has some new building been erected that has changed the geomantic influences? I put this down as a sure proof that they do believe: that copper coins are pried out of the coolie's girdle to buy incense, that paper *tiao* are passed over the counter for bundles of spirit money, that good silver dollars are parted with to buy comforts for the deceased who is starting on his long journey through the land of shadows and of ghosts. For the Chinese, who are too poor and too practical to squander money on something they believe to be useless, are never niggardly to their dead.

Behind that apparent stoical attitude the Chinese assume towards death is a real attachment to the members of the family and an anxious concern about the peace of the departed. It may be selfish in great part, but it is there. It is this outright paganism that we see on the streets and in homes, and that enters so much into the lives of those

around us. A mirror placed over a door so that the devil may see himself and flee, a smear of chicken's blood to rout an evil spirit, the burning of paper money that a bank account may be transferred to ghost land—all these practices appear ridiculous to us. Yet, it is the sincerity behind so many of these acts which gives us an opening to speak on the true Faith.

It is not surprising that our prospective converts have a struggle to make in cutting away from these be-

liefs that have influenced their whole lives. Those who abandon paganism must stand prepared to answer the charge of disloyalty to ancient rites. Real courage is needed to give up all superstitions. Faith alone can support the new Christian when he is accused of ingratitude to his parents and hard-heartedness towards his relatives. He will be charged with arousing each fancied ghost that prowls about in search of help and peace. An added pain for the convert, of which we get a glimpse but

rarely, is the sorrow he feels for those dear to him who are still living in paganism.

Surely we may count on the prayers of THE SIGN readers that God may enlighten those who have not come into the true fold. Nor can spiritual support be more deserved by any than those who have renounced the beliefs of a lifetime and who are under a petty persecution at all times because they have turned their backs on falsehood and superstition for the light of revealed truth.

MISSIONARY COMPENSATIONS

By NICHOLAS SCHNEIDERS, C.P.

READERS of THE SIGN, especially those who have followed the activities of our missionaries these many years, are fairly well acquainted with the hardships and sufferings that are our daily lot in Hunan. Perilous journeys, dangers on land and water have been described that our friends may have a picture of life here. Bandit invasions have been put on record. The horrors of famines, plagues and floods have been told, at least in broad outline. The simple account of each month's happenings has been a story of obstacles encountered and difficulties overcome.

It would leave a false impression were we to minimize these unpleasant experiences. Yet we would not have our friends believe that life here in Hunan is an unbearable burden. Were it so, Fathers and Sisters would

long since have been forced to give up the battle. The struggle would have been beyond human endurance. Missionary life has its compensations. For every sorrow there is a joy; for every trial, some consolation.

Too seldom do our friends have the opportunity to glimpse the encouraging side of our life. The dark, heavy clouds that seem massed on every missionary horizon need no one to point them out. Let mine be the happiness of calling attention to their silver lining.

THE first and the greatest consolation in missionary life comes from within. It is the knowledge that one is doing what God wants him to do, that he is living the life to which the Divine Master has called him, that he is laboring in the field in which Divine Providence has placed him. The

conviction that one's vocation is a privileged one is an incentive to unrelenting zeal. The realization that one is engaged in the grandest of all causes, winning souls for Christ Crucified, brings with it a peace that is not of this world. The appreciation that every earnest effort in this cause is dear to the Sacred Heart is a consolation which can neither be described nor fully estimated. These thoughts bring to the missionary an overflowing amount of happiness; they spur him on to continued and increased zeal for the glorious work of the world's redemption. He may see but rare immediate results of his efforts, but he knows that he is scattering the seed which is the beginning of a bountiful harvest.

Picture to yourself a missionary, far from any priestly companionship, somewhere in the interior of China or of any other mission land. All around him are pagans, people of confused beliefs or victims of a thousand superstitions. The missionary is the only one for many miles around who offers worship to the true God. How pleased the Divine Heart must be with the prayers of that missionary! Why, if a priest in the mission field did nothing else but say his Mass and Divine Office his life would not be in vain. He is giving glory to God in a place where God would otherwise not be honored. This is no small compensation for the missionary laboring in foreign fields.

MISSIONARY tradition is another great consolation. By "missionary tradition" is meant the history of those who have gone before us in our work. The example of St. Francis Xavier pleading for the salvation of more souls with his dying breath; the heroism of Blessed Theophane Vénard, whose last prayer was one of mercy for his torturers; the herculean zeal of missionary martyrs in all parts of the world spur us on to give the best that is in us. The inspiring



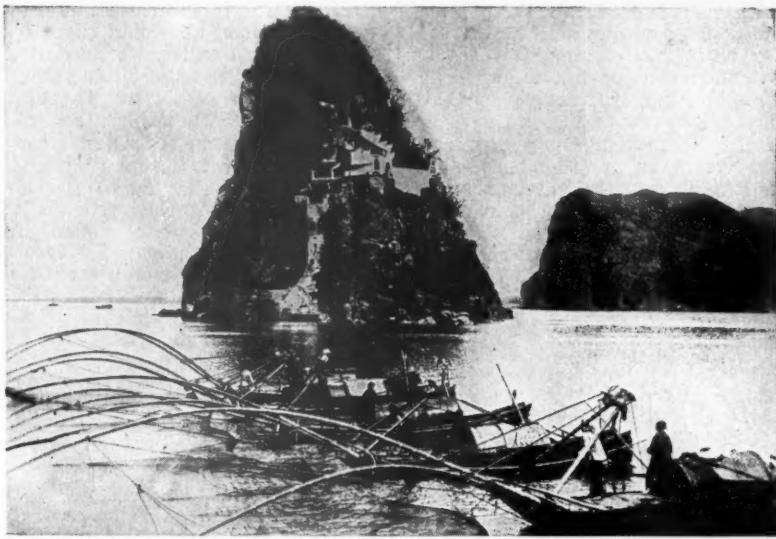
A branch bank of shadow land. The bundle hanging in the corner of this temple is paper money representing lumps of silver. Paper money, so called, is burned that a supply of cash may be transferred to a dear one in the spirit world. In the land of ghosts, so the pagans believe, the departed soul can apply this money for his own needs and it is only fair that he have enough!

example of those who, even in these later years, have worked and bled and died that Christ may live in the hearts of men, make us realize that we are more than privileged to be of their company.

THESE thoughts are some of the missionary's consolations from within, those that spring out of his own heart. There are many other sources of consolation and encouragement from without. In the first rank of these is the knowledge we have that thousands of good, devout Catholics the world over are with us heart and soul in our humble efforts. When night comes here in China and the missionary goes to rest, day dawns in the States and many persons are hurrying to Mass to beseech the Divine Missionary to bless us and sustain us in our work. When the missionary rises in the morning, many souls in the homeland are repeating the Hail Mary fifty times over, pleading with the Queen of the Rosary to guard and guide the missionaries and keep them from all harm.

In the monasteries of our Congregation our own brethren, some of whom themselves aspire to this grand missionary career, are mindful in prayer of the Passionists who, in a different field are fighting for souls under the same glorious standard of St. Paul of the Cross. God does not turn a deaf ear to all these pleadings. Each missionary can tell of experiences that have ended successfully and happily only because of special help from God. That help, that blessing, is obtained through the prayers of our friends and brethren. This knowledge is, indeed, a sustaining consolation.

Next to prayer, secondary yet indispensable, is the generous material support given to the missionaries. We do not forget this. We know how often someone's help means a sacrifice for that person. We are aware of the generosity of those who retrench their own comforts to supply our necessities. We often think of the acts of self-denial such offerings imply, and we feel deeply grateful that our friends are blessed with such practical zeal. The prayers and sacrifices of those at home make us realize that they are just as truly missionaries as we are. We are but their representatives. When we give a bowl of rice to a starving man or a little medicine to one in pain, when an orphan is fed or clothed; when we help some flood victim to rebuild his little straw hut which high water has destroyed; when we contribute to a fund for burying someone who died friendless and penniless; when we perform any act of charity, what a world of consolation there is in the thought that generous, self-sacrificing friends of the missionaries make these acts of



Rising in mid-stream out of the broad Yang Tze River is the solitary rock that is known to navigators as Little Orphan. On the island's steep side is a Buddhist monastery which looks out on the patient fishermen who labor with their dip nets. On one side of the rock is a formation that resembles the face of a woman. To the natives it suggests the woman of legend whose husband went to sea and never returned. To the missionary on his way to the interior of China, it is a symbol of that country looking to those who are to bring it the true Faith.

charity possible. We are but your privileged almoners.

Words to hearten the missionary come in letters which he receives. Here is a note a young lady sent from her sick bed: "Father," she writes, "I suffer intensely and have racking pains to endure every minute of the day and night. But I offer it all up for the success of the Missions. I know that by suffering willingly and cheerfully and uncomplainingly I can help you in the wonderful work of saving souls."

Behind this childish enthusiasm there may be the germ of a vocation in this letter from little Jimmy: "Please pray, Father, that I get big soon and learn quick. Then I am coming to China to help you. Could I use a pony in China? Dad says if I study hard this year he will get me a pony. Your little missionary, Jimmy."

And here is a letter from a Sister: "There are nearly two hundred Sisters here. During this vacation Mother Superior assigned me the duty of washing the dishes. At first I did not like it. But now I offer up every dish I have to wash as a prayer for the missions. This makes it much easier."

TODAY'S mail brought a Christmas card from a friend. On one side was a verse which said that the sender had gathered a bouquet of flowers in the garden of remembrance. On the opposite page the flowers of remembrance were described as Holy Masses, Holy Communions, Rosaries and other prayers.

Consider also consolations that come from the work itself. Many a

trying journey must we make. But at the end of the trip a brother missionary is waiting to welcome and to cheer us and to do all in his power to make the weary traveler comfortable. Why, the joy of meeting a fellow missionary all but wipes out the memory of the strenuous trip.

MANY a weary hour must be spent in studying the difficult language. But soon a good word can be said now and then that may fall on fertile ground. Often the missionary's heart is saddened when he sees a Christian in whom he has placed great hopes leave the right path. But what a consolation are the examples of fidelity in face of hardship, the love and whole-hearted devotion some of our Christians show, their anxiety for the priest's welfare, their almost scrupulous attendance to their spiritual duties, their cheerful obedience, their earnest efforts to be of real help to the missionary.

If you want examples of this, think of the lads who accompanied our Fathers during the trying days of the evacuation in 1927. These young men, some of them married, left their homes and families and went with the priests into exile when they knew surely that they would suffer, that they might be persecuted and that possibly they would lose their lives.

Only a few months ago, when flood waters nearly reached the roof of our Procure at Hankow, the work and sacrifice and devotion of two young men there made the Procurator write of them in terms of greatest praise. In the very place from which this

letter is written the mission help are often cursed as they walk the street. The bitter anti-foreignism of 1927 gave them the appellation of "slaves of foreign dogs"! In some places this spirit has not died. Yet, in this same district, I know of one young man who has vowed to spend his life for the Church and the missionaries in China. There are chosen souls in China, too, souls who more than repay the missionary's efforts in their behalf.

Then there are still other consola-

tions, and of a different sort. But to enumerate them all would take too much space. Besides, we must not over-balance. You must not gather the impression that a missionary's life is all joy with never a sorrow. Far from it! On the other hand, missionary life is not just one big and prolonged trial or hardship. If that were so, why is it that practically every missionary who, broken in health, must return to the homeland to recuperate would gladly take the next boat back to China if it were

possible. A Divine Providence Who knows how to measure all things in due proportion sends us enough of trials to make us realize that we are missionaries and enough of joy and consolations to strengthen us for each trial as it comes.

For the consolations which you, dear friends, have brought into our lives, for your prayers, your sacrifices, your thoughtful remembrances, you have our eternal gratitude. Besides that, and better, the Divine Missionary's eternal reward awaits you.

ONE OF CHINA'S CHOICE SPIRITS

By ARTHUR BENSON, C.P.

IT was no surprise to me to have Father Liu walk into my office, for he never failed to visit me when in Hankow. But this was not the Father Liu I was accustomed to see. His usual smile was gone. He seemed to have aged years, though it was but a few months since I had last seen him.

"You are tired, Father," I said as I offered him a chair. "Here, rest a while and then we shall talk."

"No, not tired," he answered, "but very sad. I feel badly about Father Ho. You have heard of his death?"

"Yes, but we have no details. We know only that the Communists killed

him. Let us not talk about it just now." I could see that he was greatly agitated. Try as I might I could not turn him from speaking of his confrère who had lately lost his life. Indeed, Father Liu's account of the slain priest's life so impressed me that I asked him to send me further details as soon as he could gather them.

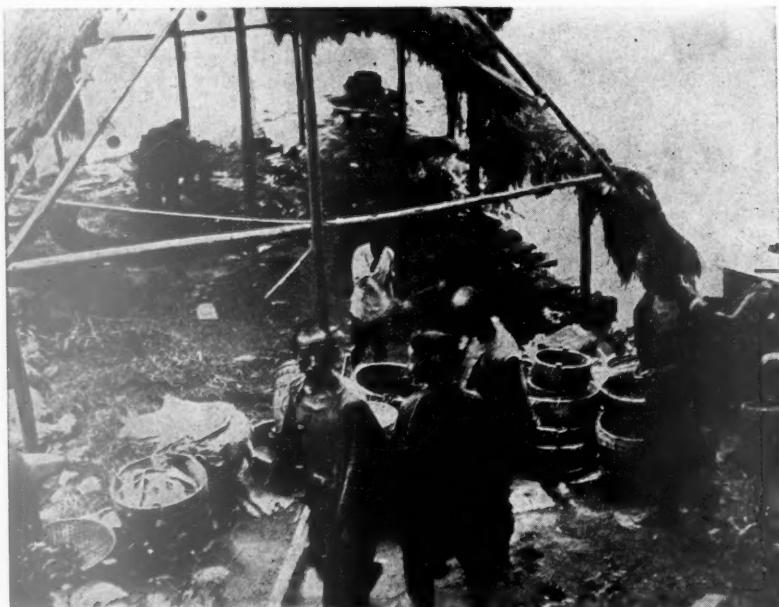
A COUPLE of months later Father Liu's account came. He apologized for the delay, giving in a few words and without any attempt at dramatic detail the story of his own experience with the Communists since his return to his mission. Ten thousand Reds,

driven across the Kiangsi border, besieged the town in which Father Liu was stationed. Finally, after sharp fighting, they drove out the defenders, who had lost heavily. The town was sacked; even the smallest shops were looted. Father Liu was captured, interrogated by the Communists and released. He borrowed vestments from his nearest fellow missionary, ten miles away, and continued at his post.

The letter which follows has been in my possession a full year. I am producing it now when the bravery and heroic stand of a comparatively small military force near Shanghai has brought to the attention of the world the courage and sterling stuff of some from China's humblest classes. Even her enemies have expressed admiration. There is little secret to this affair: the men who held lines and fort under withering fire and in the face of certain death, the soldiers who swarmed out of trenches for counter attack when they were thought to have been exterminated, had at last found a motive to make them hold even life itself cheaply. Missionaries have pointed out time and again that this sterling worth of the Chinese has been proven under stress. The Church's long honor list in China, that roll of men and women who have given their lives for the Faith, has on it an increasing number of names of Chinese priests and laity. It is an opportune time to tell the story of one of these, Father Marcus Ho, as related in the account which Father Liu wrote to me.

DEAR Father Arthur: Some of the news which I am telling you is known to me personally, but most of it is from information I have gathered from letters sent me by the Fathers who are stationed at Puchi, the central residence of our Prefecture.

The Reverend Marcus Ho was a native of Sien Tao Cheng district, near Mien Yang, in the province of



The flood finds another home to destroy. Here a Hunan miller and his family are carrying away all that they can save from the rapidly rising waters. Father Dominic, C. P., tells us that scenes like this were multiplied in the village of Ngan Kiang where one of his country missions was destroyed. Yungshun, Supu, Pushih and other districts in the Passionist Prefecture were also affected by the torrential rains. Many of the survivors are still suffering because of their property losses and the destruction of crops.

Huapeh. Shortly after his baptism and at a time when his family was still pagan he was admitted to the regional seminary in the Hankow Vicariate. After his ordination in 1923 he spent some time in the vicinity of Han Yang. Later, on the erection of the new ecclesiastical division of Puchi, he was transferred there at the request of the Apostolic Delegate. The new Prefect, Monsignor Chang, assigned him to Cha Ngan Lin, which is ten miles from Puchi. Monsignor Tcheng, his predecessor, you will remember, visited the United States not long ago and called at several of your monasteries.

"At the time of his assignment Father Ho was thirty-seven years old. He found himself in a mountainous and solitary district where the former Bishop had suffered much from the inroads of bandits. From this dangerous spot the seminarians and tertiaries had to be removed. Gold Ox Mountain, so it is called, is several miles from the nearest market place and equally distant from the small station on the Wuchang-Changsha railroad. The mission stood on the site of an ancient and famous pagoda. Possessed of a good water supply and in a location where the air was good, the mission at Gold Ox Mountain would have made an excellent place for the priests to take a rest in summer were it not for the danger from roving bands of robbers.

"Father Ho's first experience with bandits came not long after he was settled in his new home. A small band appeared one morning, firing their guns as they attacked the residence. Without weapons the priest and two servants succeeded in repelling the attack with bricks, stones and well-aimed packets of lime. But, as Father Ho said, he and his companions made their acts of contrition and were surprised when they came out victors in the uneven battle with the bandits. The defenders of the mission surely had courage to fight off this armed force.

"He had to report a little later that the Communist bandits in his country were getting more active, killing people even in broad daylight. Many of the inhabitants fled elsewhere. Through obedience and with the thought of those of his flock who remained in the district Father Ho remained at his post. He had an unbounded confidence in God.

"The drive against the Communists was on in November when Father Ho went to Puchi. Since all trains were commandeered to transport the government troops he was detained well over a week in that city. News filtered through from the country one day that his mission had been partially robbed. To confirm the report and to save what was left, especially

of the vestments and sacred vessels, from further theft Father Ho set out to Cha Ngan Lin.

"The following morning he reached his residence. He gathered up the articles that remained and started down the mountain for the small market town a few miles away. He never reached there. A crowd of Communists surprised and captured him. He was stripped and cruelly beaten. Powdered lime was put in a cloth and tied about his head so that his eyes, ears, nostrils and mouth were filled with the torturing stuff.

"Struck again and again by these brutal men, he was asked to pay five hundred dollars immediately. 'Where would I get so much money?' moaned Father Ho, who had almost fainted from his injuries and wounds. Angered at their failure to get money from him, they led him on a little farther, tied a rope about his neck and slowly strangled him to death. It was less than half a mile from his own home. They hid his body under a few feet of earth in the woods nearby without so much as a rough coffin.

"The following day a Christian brought the news of the murder to Puchi. The Prefect sent two men to Cha Ngan Lin to learn if the shocking story were true. These two messengers were so frightened by the stories of Communist outrages that they simply confirmed the report without daring to approach the town. A few days later other messengers from the Bishop met some of the military who were driving the Com-

munists out of that section. A major gave them an escort of thirty soldiers, with whom they pushed through to Father Ho's home. Leaving the looted house, they searched in the woods, but could find no trace of where the body was hidden.

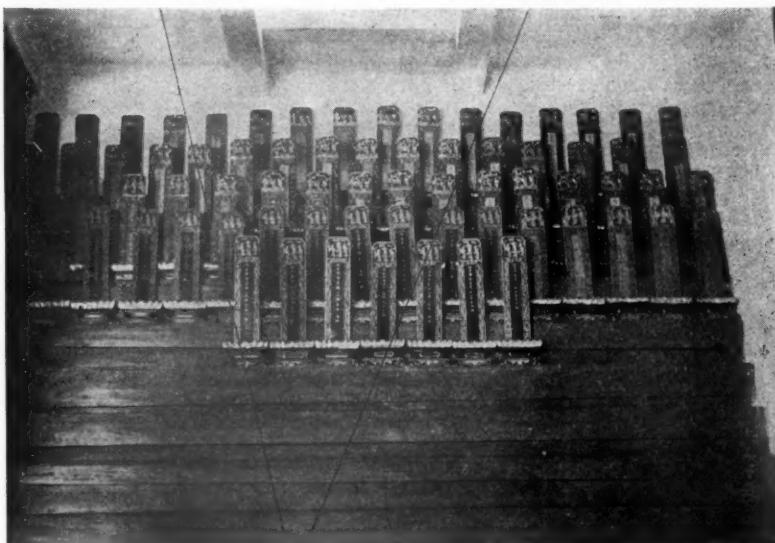
"With the soldiers standing by, these two Christians knelt down to pray. A rabbit that seemed to have been startled out of a thicket circled round them, then paused. The Christians followed after it and were led to a spot near a large tree where the earth had been disturbed. They dug into the loosened soil.

"There was the body of Father Ho, clad in shirt and trousers. The cord with which he had been strangled was around his neck. The body was well preserved and still flexible, though it had been buried many days. The remains were placed in a box and brought to Puchi. There the body was reverently washed, clothed in sacerdotal vestments and prepared for burial. He is buried next to Bishop Tcheng in our cemetery at Puchi.

"There is only this to add: that the bodies of his eldest brother and his little nephew, who were visiting Father Ho at the time and who probably shared his fate, have not yet been found. This unexpected atrocity has caused great grief among the Christians and deep sympathy for his people.

"What acute pain it will cause the dear old mother of Father Ho, who is still living at their old home!

"Oh, Father Ho, you have gone to your rest; pray for us who are still



Tablets in an ancestral hall. The deceased is not forgotten nor his shade neglected in China. A wooden tablet is inscribed, with special ceremonies, to the departed that one of his supposed trinity of souls may there find peace. Before this tablet the members of the family "kow tow," or worship, for forty-nine days. Candles burn and food is placed before it. At a later date the tablet is taken to the family shrine to be worshipped only on special days.



The unkempt and dilapidated condition of most temples in Hunan is evidence that, as far as the people as a whole are concerned, the pagan priesthood and ritual and altars matter but little. Now and then offerings are made, such as the gift of food shown here on a temple table, with the hope that the gods will help the giver.

living in the valley of tears! And do Thou, O Lord, grant him eternal rest!"

So ends the letter of Father Liu describing the death of his confrère. His former superior wrote of Father Ho that he was a perfect gentleman and one of the finest priests he had ever met, one literally on fire to convert the world.

In Shanghai the leading secular paper that has too often the sad office of recording the deaths of mis-

sionaries, gave editorial notice of the death of Father Ho. "The story of that dastardly outrage," it commented, "should wring a note of pity from every heart. . . . The tribute paid by the Fathers of the Mission to the character and the ability of their martyred colleague shows forcibly how the welter of rapine and bloodshed in the stricken areas is depriving China of some of her choicest spirits."

Yes, there is the point. Missionaries of quality and ability, natives

of China as well as foreign-born, are spending their lives in obscure villages in China. Their lives are always a protest against the evils around them and, more important still, an example to goodness; their deeds, an outpouring of charity on an impoverished and suffering community; their deaths, so often, the crowning proof under cruel circumstances of their personal Faith and their utter devotion to their flocks.

They are not looking for praise; they laugh at the suggestion of heroism. They do ask, these choice spirits of China and natives of her soil, that the Catholics of the world pray with an understanding heart. That China is even gradually adapting much of our western civilization to her own ancient culture is no guarantee in itself that our Christianity will also be accepted. And it is anything but a pleasant prospect to think of China becoming modern without becoming Christian. When those who are actually braving the dangers and smiling under the difficulties of missionary work find their own courage renewed by the supreme sacrifices of their companions, certainly those who are asked to help from a safe distance may find reason to pray ardently and with unabated hope.

IN PRAISE OF LADY LUNG

By DOMINIC LANGENBACHER, C.P.

"GONE, Father!" a voice beside me was saying, "the whole building is washed away. There is not a single stone left."

My Mass-server and I had come within sight of the ruined village of Ngan Kiang. Though word had been brought to me more than a week before that my mission station there was destroyed, I had comforted myself with the thought that reports are usually exaggerated. On this occasion the description given me had done justice to the damage.

The actual sight of where the mission had been was a real shock, for I had not believed that the building could have been so complete a loss. The waters that had swept through the small town had carried with them tiles and rafters, beam and board and foundation stones. There was scarcely a brick left upon a brick and but a bit of boarding in sight.

Something of my surprise and sadness must have shown in my face, for Peter, who stood alongside me as I alighted from my mule, said by way of comfort: "The families here have all lost heavily. See, there are only a few houses, far back from the river, left in the whole town."

To you in America who have seen the tumbling of investment values to

new "lows" or who have taken up the morning paper to read that one of your banks has closed it may seem strange that I should so lament the loss of a modest Chinese house. After all, though, there is something in relativity; by way of proportion, mine was a heavy loss.

NGAN KIANG was founded in 1928 by Father Quentin Olwell, C.P., in the face of unusual difficulties. In fact it was only by the cleverness of one of the Christians that he was able even to rent a piece of property and a small house. Once established, he had the satisfaction of seeing prejudice disappear and a number of the townsfolk begin the study of Catholic doctrine. I was privileged to carry on his work, and the promise of results at Ngan Kiang was so apparent that naturally I was much attached to the place. Then came the flood.

Well, why weep over it? I am throwing a shack together down there to serve as temporary quarters since there is no place to rent. The catechist and his family are living in the reconstructed frame-work of a mule shed. Ours is a very minor misfortune compared to the tragedy that has fallen on millions in China this year. I suppose the reports of the

lamentable struggle along the coast, the daily news flashes of attack and counter-attack, of diplomatic notes and peace parleys has pushed from the front pages the account of the aftermath of the flood. I say only this about it, we pray that it will not be forgotten. For Ngan Kiang is but one of tens of thousands of villages destroyed when the waters of destruction took their toll of life and property, and then passed on to leave disease and famine rioting among the ruins.

A PART from the flood, our life here has moved along in the routine work of our missionary calling. We have had an unusual spell of peace for which we are grateful beyond all words. So I have nothing in the way of bandit incursions or military disturbances to record from my corner in Hunan. Nor have there been any mass movements towards conversion. As always in this part of the vineyard, our progress is marked by individual souls entering the Faith or by their developing into missionaries towards their own countrymen.

Such a lay missionary is Lung Johanna. This motherly old woman was gray, I know, before I came to China. She is quite lame, so that

each of her frequent visits to the Chapel is like a Way of the Cross for her. She is poor in a community where even the better class at times want for necessities. By washing and mending clothes, by picking over cotton, by any odd job she can find, Johanna succeeds in living from hand to mouth. She has, besides, to provide for her invalid husband, a withered old gentleman who is really struggling bravely to break the opium habit which he contracted in his younger days. The two are much devoted to each other.

Some time ago, pinched even for the meagre pittance that supplied them with daily rice, they sold their shack of a homestead that was falling to pieces over their heads. Because it was mortgaged almost to the last tile, the sale brought them very little cash. For a while it seemed as though they would have to put up a bamboo mat for a shelter on the city wall or in some unreflected temple.

But Chang, a tailor of West River Street, who had assisted them before, again befriended them. This good-hearted pagan invited them to live with him. He gave them a room to themselves and a stand in front of his shop that they might make a little by street vending. He asked nothing in return but the mite they could give him from time to time.

JOHNNA, who was not one to forget a kindness, felt grieved that her friend had not received the gift of Faith. She waited for an opportunity to prove her gratitude. About a month ago the tailor's second son, a child about three years of age, was very sick from an attack of worms and dysentery. Night and day Johanna limped about caring for the child with as much devotion as though he were her own. But in spite of her nursing and the care of its parents, in spite of the prescriptions of doctors and the tomfoolery and superstitious rites of quacks, the little fellow steadily grew worse. When it was too late I was appealed to for medicine. I told Johanna I feared the child was beyond all earthly help.

She passed this information on to the parents. Shortly afterwards Johanna came to tell me that the parents wanted the boy to be baptized that he might go to heaven. For she had explained to them that since their child must die, in fairness to him they should do what they could to procure his eternal happiness.

They were so willing that I inquired into their motives. Once more I found a pagan belief in the background. I learned that four of their children had died in early childhood. As they put it, they were not sure whether four of their children had died or whether this same child had

been re-born four times. Perhaps he was just deceiving them and grieving them by being born and dying at an early age several times.

TAKing advantage of the willingness of the father and mother I had them sign a paper promising that, should their boy recover, he would be allowed to practise his religion. In case of his death they consented to forego the usual custom of inviting a pagan bonze to conduct the child's soul out of the house. Because of their strange belief I had to insist that in burial the child would not be placed face downwards for having, so they claimed, come into life several times only to sadden and disappoint them by dying so young. In place of these superstitions he was to have a Christian burial.

To all these conditions the parents agreed. The little fellow was baptized and given the name of Joseph, in the hope that the Saint of Jesus' childhood might intercede for this pagan family. It was fortunate that Johanna had urged on the parents the need of acting without delay, for Joseph died that night.

At five the next morning Chang the tailor stood at the mission gate. Behind him was a coolie, carrying in a plain wooden box the body of Joseph. Johanna came trailing after. At her suggestion Chang offered me a Mass stipend. I gave an explanation on which Johanna enlarged, that the Mass would not be for Joseph, since he did not need the Holy Sacrifice, but for his family. With the good-hearted pagan and his son assisting, and Johanna kneeling near them to whisper a word of instruction now and then, I offered Mass that

morning that the gift of Faith might be given to Joseph's folks. Possibly this was not the first time that Chang had been at Mass for, as I later learned, he had been a catechumen for a while some years ago when Father Hippolytus, O.S.A., opened the mission here.

Mass over, and the burial service for infants read, the old coolie swung the box over his shoulder. Two boys followed with holy water and censer. Joseph's brother and father walked behind me. Old Johanna who could not walk such a great distance, sat in Chapel waiting for our return. So we went out into the sunshine and to the hills to leave there the remains of the child whom his parents had loved, yet feared.

"Joseph is enjoying eternal life," I told his father when we had left the city behind us. "You need not fear that he will return in some other form or as another child to bring you sorrow. But he will, I am sure, beg God to protect you and to open your heart to the truth. Joseph is now in heaven. Surely you wish to see him again. Think a while, my brother, and then let me know whether you wish to study the doctrines of the Catholic Church."

As for Johanna Lung, she is happy that she has helped to send one more soul to heaven. But her persistent zeal will not be satisfied with this one good deed. She is determined that, in as far as it may depend on her, the Chang family will soon be rewarded for their kindnesses by receiving the gift of Faith. For Lady Lung, an apostle despite her poverty, and for all her kind we ask your prayers.



An itinerant shoemaker pauses to patch a customer's shoe. Like his fellow tradesmen who move through the streets with portable lunch counters, with vegetables and firewood, with tools to repair everything from damaged furniture to broken rice bowls, this cobbler is at the service of folks over a wide area.

Who Will Die Tonight?

Besides my spiritual affairs I must look after my worldly affairs. Have I made my will? What do I wish to become of my property? Even though I have very little to leave, I should give some of it to God's service.

LEGAL FORM FOR DRAWING UP YOUR WILL

I hereby give and bequeath to PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, a Society existing under the laws of the State of New Jersey, the sum of
(\$) for the purpose of the Society as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor to pay said sum to the Treasurer of PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INCORPORATED, taking his receipt therefor within months after my demise.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand this day of , 19

Signed Witness

Witness Witness

••• Painless Giving •••

A GOOD THING to have in the house is a Mite Box or a Dime Bank. They are convenient receptacles for your loose change. What you put into them you will probably not miss. This is a sort of painless giving. If you do miss it, so much the better for the cause for which you make the sacrifice. Self-sacrifice money has a double value; it has a certain buying power and it surely carries a blessing. Which do you want—the Box or the Bank? You can have both, if you wish. Address: PASSIONIST MISSIONS, INC., THE SIGN, UNION CITY, N. J.

Just drop us a line asking for a Box or a Bank. It will be sent you by return mail!

Please write or print Name and Address very plain.

For Christ's Cause: 3 Suggestions

1. Readers of THE SIGN, particularly of our mission department, cannot but be aware of the many and pressing needs of our missionary Fathers and Sisters in China. Their personal wants are few and simple. Were they seeking their own ease and comfort they would not abandon the luxuries of America for the hardships of China. They require a great deal of money for the building and

maintenance of chapels, schools, orphanages, dispensaries, homes for the aged and crippled. They are dependent for this money upon the generosity of their American friends and benefactors. They do not look for large donations, but are counting on the consistent giving of small amounts. Please remember that they are grateful for pennies as well as dollars. At this time their needs are urgent.

MISSION NEEDS

2. Not only do we need money for our missionaries already in the field; we also need funds for the education and support of young men studying for the holy priesthood. God is blessing our Order with an abundance of splendid vocations. Some of these aspirants pay full tuition, others pay part, but others are too poor to pay anything. No worthy aspirant, however, will be rejected simply because of his poverty. About \$300 per year is required for the

support of a student. To provide means for poor students we are appealing for student burses. A burse is \$5,000, the interest on which will support and educate a poor student in perpetuity. Can a better cause than that of bringing worthy

young men into the priesthood of Christ appeal to the sympathy and generosity of a convinced Catholic? If you cannot give an entire burse, your contribution, however small, will aid in the starting or completing of a burse.

STUDENT BURSES

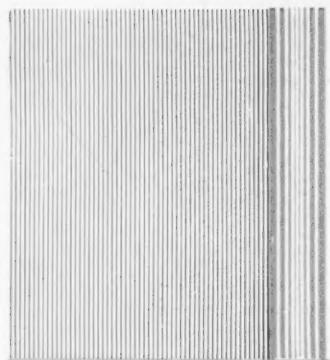
3. It has been well said that it is a poor Will which does not name Our Lord Jesus Christ among its beneficiaries. No Catholic should ever forget that whatever he has he owes to God Almighty. To

give His Cause some of it is doing Him no compliment whatever. He owns us and everything we have. May we suggest to you that this special provision be embodied in your last Will:

I hereby give and bequeath to Passionist Missions, Inc., a corporation organized and existing under the State of New Jersey, the sum of (\$) Dollars, and I further direct that any and all taxes that may be levied upon this bequest be fully paid out of the residue of my estate.

YOUR COOPERATION SOLICITED!

Address: Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J.



What is an Annuity Bond?

An Annuity Bond is a contract between Passionist Missions, Inc., and the holder of the Bond, who is called an Annuitant.

What does this Contract consist in?

The Annuitant makes an outright gift to Passionist Missions, Inc., and Passionist Missions, Inc., binds itself to pay a specified sum of money to the Annuitant as long as the Annuitant lives.

WHERE PUT? YOUR MONEY?

Get a life income
Help Christ's cause
You can't take it
with you!
Will you hoard or
spend it?
Give it away or make
a Will?
Why not buy Life
Annuities?



For Further Information Write to

**PASSIONIST
MISSIONS, Inc.**
Care of The Sign,
UNION CITY,
NEW JERSEY

What is the amount paid to the Annuitant?

The sum ranges from six to nine per cent interest on the amount of the gift given.

What determines the rate of interest?
The age of the Annuitant.

When do payments on a Bond begin?

Interest is reckoned from day the Annuitant's money is received. First payment is made six months later and thereafter payments are made semi-annually.

When do payments cease?
On the death of the Annuitant.

If Bond is lost, do payments cease?
By no means. Payments are made regularly and promptly as long as the Annuitant lives.

What is the price of Annuity Bonds?
Five Hundred Dollars and upwards.

Are Liberty Bonds accepted?
Liberty Bonds, at their market value, are received in payment for Annuity Bonds, but not real estate or mortgages.

Can Annuity Bonds be sold by Annuitants?
No. An Annuity Bond has no market value.

How can I get an Annuity Bond?
Send to Passionist Missions, Inc., Union City, N. J., the sum you wish to give; also send full name, with date and year of birth.

What is Passionist Missions, Inc.?

It is a duly authorized Catholic Missionary Society incorporated under the laws of the State of New Jersey.

What are its purposes?

Its purpose, for which it uses the gifts of Annuitants, are the educa-

6%
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9%

tion of young men for the priesthood, and the spread of the Faith through home and foreign missions.

What advantages have Annuity Bonds?

1. PERMANENCE: An Annuity Bond never requires reinvestment.
2. ABUNDANT YIELD: The rate of interest is the highest consistent with absolute safety.
3. SECURITY: Annuity Bonds are secured by the moral as well as financial backing of the Passionist Order.
4. FREEDOM FROM WORRY: Annuitants are relieved from the care of property in their old age; are saved from the temptation to invest their savings unwisely; and have the ease of mind obtained by the banishment of anxiety.
5. ECONOMY: There are no commissions, lawyers' fees or waste in legal contests.
6. STEADY INCOME: The income from Annuity Bonds does not decline.
7. CONTRIBUTION TO THE CAUSE OF CHRIST: An Annuity Bond makes the Annuitant an active sharer in the missionary work of the Passionist Fathers in building up the Kingdom of Christ at home and abroad, and a perpetual benefactor of the Passionist Order, participating in many rich spiritual blessings.

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